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A tasty, two-wheeled snack

December 2008 • No. 9

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For Rebel Rouserz And Hot Rod Hooliganz

Rat Rod Rebelle
Katja Herzschlag

RebelRodz

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Distribution
Newsstand distribution, domestically and internationally, Curtis Circulation Co., 730 River Road, New Milford, NJ, 07646

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RebelRodz magazine (ISSN 1936-1777) Number 9 December 2008; ***RebelRodz*** is published bi-monthly by Paisano Publications LLC, with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura Hills, California 91301-2693, 818-889-8740. Periodicals Postage paid at Agoura Hills, California 91301-2693 and additional mailing offices. Editorial mailing address is P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3025, FAX 818-889-1252, Web site: http://www.RebelRodz.com.

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Subscriptions: 6 issues $19.97; Postage: Canada and Foreign add $15.00 (US funds only) Mail to: ***RebelRodz***, P.O. Box 50044, Boulder CO 80322-0044 1-800-365-4421. **POSTMASTER**: send address change to RebelRodz, P.O. Box 50044, Boulder, CO 80322-0044. Six to eight weeks notice is required on all changes of address. Please include all current mailing-label information with correspondence. **The publisher is exempt from the record keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code Section 2257(a) through (c) and the pertinent Regulations, 28 C.F.R. Ch.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in Section 75.7(a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.**

www.RebelRodz.com

Rat Rod Rebelle
Maureen van Mortis

A most regular reader

I was sitting on the can, reading your last issue. I liked the pictures and the articles, so I thought I was getting far along enough on mine, I could send a picture of it. It's a '33 Plymouth Coupe on '40 Ford rails and a straight axle, with a 1968, 327 (.40 over) dual-barrel, built from scratch by me, Bots, Rick, Lucky, and friends.

Billy the Kidd
Ormond Beach, Florida

It's amazing what some people can accomplish just sitting on the can. I'm just glad you're so regular, Billy. –ed.

Just a ramblin' man

I started messing with elderly cars when I was 14 years old, back in '59. My dad retired his 1937 Chevy Sedan Delivery, which he used for his electrical contractor business for 20 years. He parked it alongside the barn next to our house.

It still ran great, no rust at all, and the seat had just been re-covered a few years prior. He told me if I wanted it, I could have it.

Hell yeah! All it needed was a good cleaning, but that totally dead, faded, flat tan color was never gonna shine again. I spent hours and days cleaning and I don't know how many miles I drove it while never moving an inch …

Dan "Chum" Smith
Hope, Maine

I apologize for cutting you off only an hour into your riveting letter, but I had to due to space limitations. If you ever turn it into a book, be sure to send us a copy, we'll be happy to review it. Meanwhile, we appreciate your loyalty and the fact that you have a very cool car with a very cool history. –ed.

Kudos for Ian

I'm writing to you about a hell of a guy and builder, Ian Roussel. From his "Back From The Dead" video to his "She Swallowz" '49 Ford, he has nothing from me but total praise for who he is and what he does! My txing (sic) him from time to time, though…I hope I wasn't making him nervous.

Bill Helms
Ft. Myers, Florida

Ian's talent is unquestionably amazing, and "She Swallowz" is actually a '50 Ford (we featured it two issues ago, in our No. 7). But no worries, Bill, Ian has nerves of steel and a little "txing" (whatever that is) isn't going to get him flustered. –ed.

For an FGE-and GWK-free product

Please, enough with the photos of ugly fat girls eating and girls with kids. Stick with the cars and the hotties!

Thanks. That's all I ask.

"L. Beno" Bennett
Chesapeake, Virginia

We share your pain, "L." We work hard to make this magazine a "fat-girl-eating"-free zone, and I don't think you'll find a single one in this issue. But even if you do, our centerfold and poster girl should more than make up for any grazing or child-rearing accidentally happening on these pages. –ed.

Metrosex, uh, politan kar

Here's one of my 3 Nash Metropolitans. I cut it up with a Sawz-All. It was a near perfect '55 hardtop, now it's a convertible, and I cut a trunk in it for good measure. Hope you enjoy the picture.

Jim Johns
W. St. Paul, Minnesota

It's very cute, Jim. Is it potty-trained yet? And what's it gonna be when it grows up? –ed.

Ugly rocks!

Hey we took the Jive Bomber award this weekend at the NW Billetproof Nationals! More than 600 cars, the only full on rat in the main—blew the crowd away with the motorcycle chain engine mounts and the home-built intake setup and dual shifters. I'm sure you all will be seeing that trend soon. The award isn't the prettiest, but someone took the time to make it so we will rock it!

Pretty is way too overrated anyway, as anyone reading this rag knows. Congrats on your win! –ed.

Here are a few pics of my '54 Chevy Pro Street truck. It has a 350 Chevy engine, a '76 Pontiac front clip, disc brakes, a 9-inch Ford rear end, narrowed and installed by the Metal Man.

Keep up the good work and have a blessed day!

Bill Hawkins
Norman, Oklahoma

We always feel blessed, Bill, and secure in the knowledge that if Jesus lived today, he'd surely be driving a rat rod. –ed.

Pretty baby

Yessir, that's my baby! A 1964 Chevy cab, '70-something Chevy bed, mag wheels with meaty tires, 350 cid 4-bolt main engine (with R.V. cam and headers), glass packs, and wolf whistle.

And a Mexican blanket draped over the seat.

Jeff Hightower (subscriber)
Winnsboro, Texas

As a subscriber, you deserve so much more than this tiny little space here. Really! –ed.

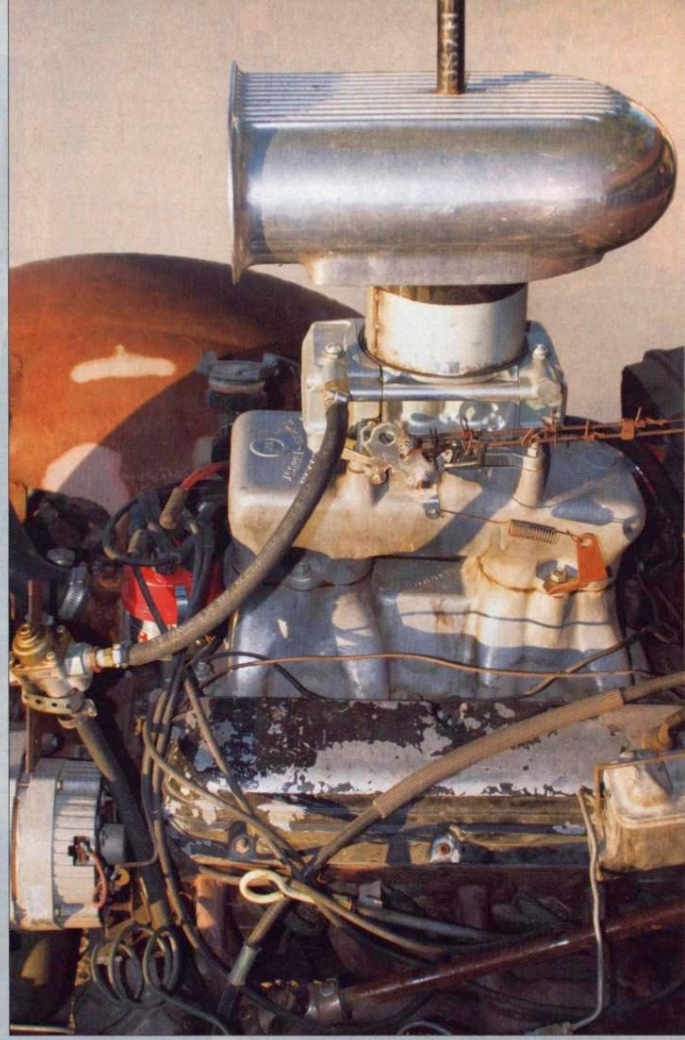
The other day, a letter poured in… and then another one. But we want more, a lot more. If you've got something to say, let us know, no matter if you love us or hate us. We just want to hear from you. So give us a holler, either via snail mail, at RebelRodz Magazine, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376; or virtually: rebelrodz@paisanopub.com.

Junkyard Pirate

Rusted scrap metal is his real booty

Text by J. Walker
Photos by Eric Luna

"Ahoy, matey! There be pirates ahead!" Sorry but I just had to say that when I saw Patrick "The Pirate" Watson's ride for the first time. There can be no doubt that if Blackbeard had had a car back in the day, this is what he would have driven. He might have even keelhauled Patrick for owning it and stolen it from him.



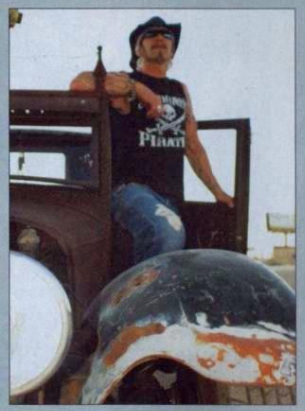
Luckily, those days are a thing of the past, although Patrick, an actor and stuntman by trade, does his best to keep them alive, albeit only symbolically. Having worked as a stuntman in the movie *Pirates of the Caribbean,* Patrick says, "I've traveled the country as a pirate and spent four years in Japan and Australia doing that. And once I got into hot rods and started going to junkyards, it didn't take long before junkyard pirate came up."

These days, there's a team of Junkyard Pirates lurking about, and they do things like the infamous and annual Rat City Rukkus event. But back to the car. "When I saw this car, I had already purchased a Model T from a guy named Mike Kelly, who owns a shop called Cactus Flyer," Patrick remembers. "It was very cool and I loved it, but in his back yard, Mike had this rusted-out body sitting sort of half-cocked on a frame and just wasting away."

Patrick talked Mike not only into selling it, but also into helping him build the car in his shop, "because Mike is the absolute master at this and I was the student," Patrick says. To make a long story short, it took Patrick and Mike about six months to finish and, as you can see, the car has a lot of unique features, mainly because Patrick refuses to do things the way everybody else does them.

Notice the curious angle of the chassis, for instance. "My vision for this car was that I never wanted to have to paint it. I wanted it set up real high in the back, real low in the front, and basically wanted it to look like it had been buried for 40 years. It was so banged up and rusted, there really was no way of saving it unless you wanted to spend some ridiculous amount of money."

And that wasn't Patrick's way. Instead, he got inspiration from another favorite creature of his: Big Daddy Roth's Rat Fink, the cartoon figure that's always driving around in a car like this, with his head and the shifter sticking through the roof. Consequently, nothing got chopped and



only the front of the car was channeled over the rail to make it sit lower, much lower than the rear. "We also cut the back of the frame to get the body to fit over the back end and we had to custom-build the ladder bar suspension with the coil-over shocks. My whole point was to build this car for the lowest dollar possible and maintain it just a cheaply."

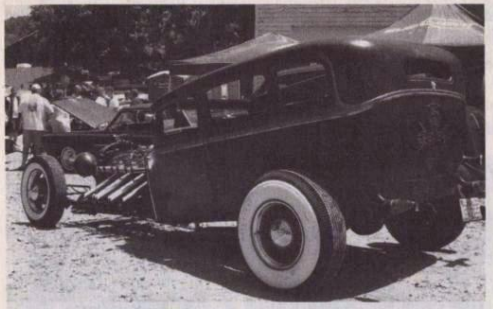
The shifter bears witness to that; it was a conduit Patrick had lying around his garage, so he picked it up and pushed it down onto the existing shifter nub. "I had to bend it around the steering wheel so I could shift, and I added a lightweight skull and a fork," he says.

Despite its looks, the car is strong and dependable, "and I've driven it all over Las Vegas and California," Patrick adds.

Owner: Patrick Watson
City: Las Vegas, Nevada
GENERAL
Make/model: Hudson
Year: 1929
Assembly: Cactus Flyer w/ Mike Kelly
Time to build: 6 months
ENGINE
Year: 1989
Model: Ford Mustang 302
Carburetion: Demon
Ignition: stock w/Mallory distributor
Exhaust: hot
Modifications: here and there
DRIVETRAIN
Transmission: T-5
Shifting: long throw
CHASSIS
Type: rough and rusted
Frame: old metal
Suspension: tight
Steering: (takes a lot of) power steering
Modifications: say what?
INTERIOR
Type: rough
Seats: Mustang
Dash: metal
Gauges: as needed
Audio System: fried from rain
PAINT
Painter: rust and bullet holes
Type/colors: natural/brown
ACCESSORIES
Headlights: bright
Taillights: Stage Coach Wagon type
Special additions: none
WHEELS
Front/rear: '60s Cragars
Brakes: great/"Thank goodness"
Tires: rubber and stuff
Other modifications: take a look
Model: Lisa Duran

RUMBLINGS

STUFF THAT HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL



Rockabilly BBQ

Text: Melanie Holt; photos: Lisa Cline

On Saturday, June 7, 2008, Charlotte's only hot rod and retro music festival kicked off with bands, vendors and a flood of pre '69 hot rods and motorcycles that filled the parking lot of Puckett's for a popular hootenanny called the Rockabilly BBQ.

In its fifth year, the Rockabilly BBQ had attendees from as far as Texas and Connecticut descending upon the southern oasis nestled in shade trees known as Puckett's Farm Equipment. By noon, canopied vendors lined the outside brick walls, while hot rods from all forks in the road packed the parking lot like a New York City traffic jam from hell, until cars were packed in so tight, latecomers had to be turned away.

The North Carolina chapter of the Speed Kings CC hosted the car and bike show with members of the South Carolina and Georgia chapters assisting. Eight trophies were given out to the ghostly hot rods, trucks and motorcycles assembled. The ninth trophy was awarded to the biggest drunk!

The car and bike show was free and open to the public of all ages. Attendees enjoyed the old-school hot rods, trucks, bikes, vendors and upbeat sounds of two smoking rockabilly bands. After 4:00 p.m., the club opened only to those 18 and up for 8 more bands. The vendors and hot rods stuck around throughout the night. It is truly the East Coast's biggest and coolest hot rod and music event!

For more information on next year's event, visit www.RockabillyBBQ.com.

Fourteenth Annual "Thunder on the Lot"

The Antelope Valleys' "Thunder on the Lot" custom/classic car and bike show doesn't appeal exclusively to the greasy, hard-knuckled, badass kewl kats and kittens among us. With enough room to showcase classics, customs, big rigs, bikes, modern cars and imports, there is plenty for everyone to enjoy.

This year's show was held at the Antelope Valley Fairgrounds, a 135-acre venue. That's a huge increase in size from the last time I attended the event, which then was held in a supermarket parking lot. This year, the event featured a sled pull, burnout contest, bike games, a poker run and Texas hold 'em tournament, a carnival complete with midway games, over 100 vendors, plus live music by The Craze and Foghat.

Among high-dollar polished and painted billet Easter eggs squished between modern day, overly accessorized cookie cutters, there were the few, the gritty and the greasy, proudly displaying their builds. Rusty or primered, pinstriped and chopped, slammed and, in some cases, mutilated rodz that were built with blood, sweet, beer and balls. I was happy that I found a little bit of Greaser Heaven deep in the brush and dust of the Antelope Valley, and with a belly full of Jalapeno Grill's "street tacos," a camera full of images and a smile on my face, I jumped back into my '52 and called it a weekend.

Stay Kewl!

Text & photos by Greaser Tom

A Day at the Races

The award-winning Ventura Race Track on the Ventura County Fairgrounds is one of the greatest small racing venues in the country. Where else can you watch a dirt track race and then turn around in the grandstands and stare at the Pacific Ocean in all its splendor?

Trophy Queen Productions, the same folks who bring you the Back to the Beach event and Primer Nationals each and every year, have now taken on the responsibility of bring the races to you—and you to the races. We're talking some very cool races, like the annual Vintage Outlaw Motorcycle Races that just happened for the 16th time, according to John Parker, head honcho at Trophy Queen. "My wife, Jenny, and I, we are the third set of promoters doing this, and this is our first year," he says. "So we set out to promote it a bit differently and try to make an event out of it, which is what we do with our other shows."

Part of making it different is the idea that not only are there vendors behind the track, like you would have at the Primer Nationals, for instance, John also brought along some notable racing celebrities for the fans to meet and get autographs from, guys like Bruce Brown, the man behind the movie *On Any Sunday*, and racers like Mert Lawwill, the 1969 AMA grand national champion, or Gene Romero, the 1970 grand national champ, Skip Van Leeuwen, winner of many Ascot TT nationals, as well as Slidin' Slim and Smokin' Snortin' Sunny Nutter, the speedway rider. "We had all these great racers come that night so that especially the kids could see and meet them."

Text & photos by Kai Raecke

Not only racers were on hand; there were also some mighty cool bikes to look at, like the 13 or 14 hand-shift Harleys and Indians that were among the 130 paid racers. "We ran some 13 different classes and paid out $30,000 in cash prize money, and the ambulance didn't move all night, which is always a good thing," John says. "We also had a couple of national AMA plates and we even had Cher there, the actress. Her boyfriend rode a bagger with the stereo turned up all the way. A friend of mine on his '37 UL Flathead rammed him. It was pretty entertaining."

To add to the excitement, after the motorcycles were done some time after the sun had gone down, the jalopies got onto the track and raced each other until it was finally time to go home. John says Trophy Queen is planning on adding lots of new and exciting things to what is already a substantial offering. "The racing was great, the track was in perfect condition, and the grandstands were packed," John says. "We couldn't have been any happier."

John adds that four events are scheduled for 2009: two vintage events; a modern TT; and possibly a long-track speedway event for just speedway bikes. For more info and a good idea of what the whole thing looks like, simply go to www.primernational.com.

120 Years of Driver Licenses

August 1, 2008, was an important day in the history of the automobile: it was the 120th anniversary of the very first "driver license" ever to be issued to a human being. Actually, it wasn't a license like we know them today, but rather a "permit to implement test drives with a patented motor car." Of course, that's a loose translation, because the first person to ever be so licensed was none other than Karl Benz, the German engineer and car pioneer who'd been working on motor-driven vehicles since the 1870s. Karl eventually merged his company, the Benz & Cie. AG, with Gottlieb Daimler's Motoren-Gesellschaft (Motor Company) and thus created Daimler-Benz AG. As luck would have it, we were able to get our hands on what we were told (by a very reliable source) is an official copy of this very first license. Though very skeptical at first, we now believe this to be a true replica and not a fake, as some might think.

So, to all those who are in possession of a valid driver license: Happy Birthday! To all those who drive with a fake one or even without one: we know where you live!

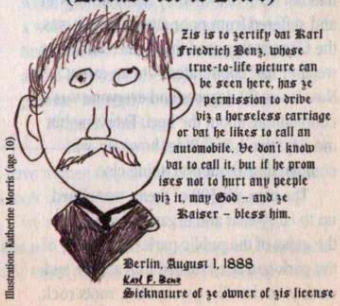

Führerschein
(License for to Drive)
Zis is to zertify dat Karl Friedrich Benz, whose true-to-life picture can be seen here, has ze permission to drive viz a horseless carriage or vat he likes to call an automobile. Ve don't know vat to call it, but if he promises not to hurt any people viz it, may God – and ze Kaiser – bless him.
Berlin, August 1, 1888
Karl F. Benz
Sicknature of ze owner of zis license

Illustration: Katherine Morris (age 10)

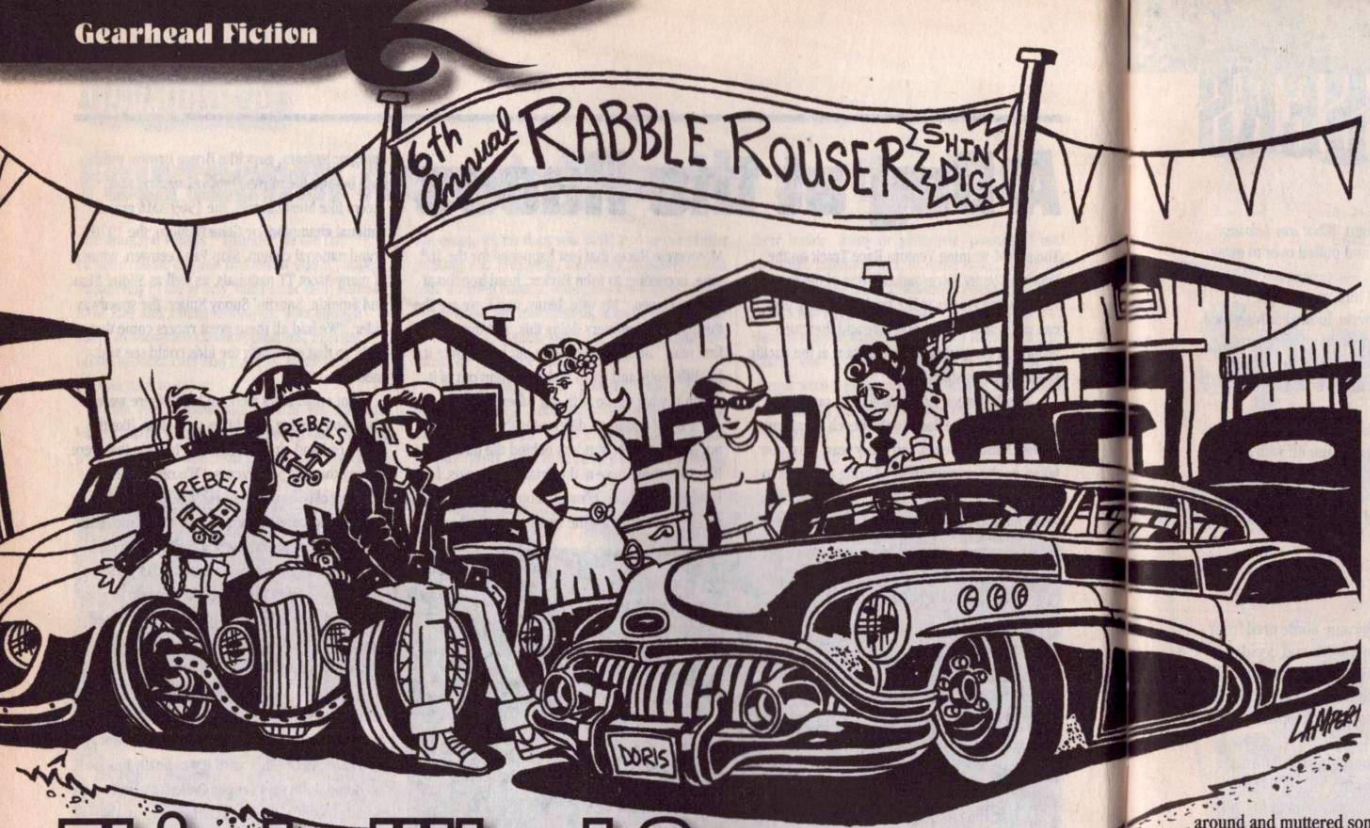


Illustration: mototooner.com

This Is Who I Am

By: Darin Mecher

We had been standing in roughly the same spot on the grass for a good portion of the day. The sun had gone high into the sky and was a bizarre testimony to the fact that this was the first Rabble Rouser Shindig ever that had not been drowned by heavy downpour and suffered from poor attendance. It was the 6th annual try and finally the Oklahoma weather had cooperated—to an extent. Now it was 90 degrees and everyone was complaining about the heat. Everyone but me. My friend, Stiff Ride, however, was complaining about everything else.

The cars, all 300 of them, were lined up in fairly neat and organized rows on the grass of the public park. The center of the park had been turned into a stage and various rockabilly, psychobilly, roots rock, American, and what-the-billy bands had been playing in succession every thirty or so minutes since 10:00 a.m. Some of the bands were great and some were not so great, and they would continue until the headlining bands played well into the night. Some of the cars glistened shiny and new looking while others seemed to absorb the light into their heavy dull black primer skins. Some of the cars were worth almost 6 figures and some were worth a cup of coffee at the local watering hole, but owners was proud of their rides and what they had either built or bought or won "fair and square" in some competition either involving cards, liquor, drag racing, or a combination of all three.

Stiff Ride shook his right Chuck and did that swift reach-into-the-pocket-for-a-lighter-with-one-hand-and-other-pocket-for-smokes-with-the-other-hand-and-suddenly-start-smoking motion that he always did. You never really saw how it all happened, but suddenly he would shift weight, shake his right shoe, and there he would be smoking and sighing. This was the ritual that normally showed he was either bored, trying to look really cool, or just wanted to start complaining about something.

"I hate these new guys." He snorted.

"What new guys?" I asked, already knowing the answer. This had been the same conversation all day long.

"You know what I mean." He nodded, or at least I think he nodded towards the object of his anger throughout the course of the day. There was a young guy in the row across from ours who had bought a car, and this was his first show ever. He hadn't built the car. He didn't even really know that much about the car. In fact, he had proclaimed earlier some things that his mechanic had said about the car.

Stiff Ride had looked at him and said, "What do you mean, your *mechanic*!?" He had almost lost his cigarette and his cool.

The young guy smiled uneasily. "Well, I'm kinda new to this and I still don't know all the stuff about the car. But I'm learning."

Stiff Ride hadn't even let the guy finish what he was saying; he just turned around and muttered something about "poser" or "loser" or some such ultimate brand of shame.

"You got to start somewhere." I had been saying roughly this same thing all day too.

"Dude, this is a car show. Shouldn't you be the mechanic of the car you show?" He didn't wait for a reply from me either. He just looked off to the side still trying to look cool.

"Well, at least he has a car and that car meets the show's rules. It is a nice car. You could give him some pointers and show him some things. I bet he'd like that." I was trying to encourage him. He was, after all, one of the best gearheads I had ever met. His car was what most of us merely dreamed about or aspired to.

"Yeah, right."

"But isn't that the point? To keep the scene going? To keep the breed alive?" I asked.

He didn't say anything. He just kind of smiled and watched the people as they looked around his car and made comments and gave thumbs up and asked question that he merely nodded yes or no to.

"Come on, Stiff, you know as well as I do that we were treated like that when we got into the scene. I mean, we weren't born in a leather jacket and Chucks. We didn't live in a 1952 Buick when we were kids. I'm sure old John and his buddies thought the same about us, but they took us in and showed us the ropes and taught us. They sure didn't have to."

No reply.

"This is who I am, man," he said.

"What would you rather have, just the same old people, the same old cars, and the same old bands without any new blood?"

"I'm just going to take off, man. You staying or going?" he asked.

"I need to stay. Liz is heading up from the city and I want to see her."

"Suit yourself."

Stiff got into his '53 Mercury with the chopped top and the custom lights and the added chrome and studs and all the other details that made his car one of a kind and turned her over. You couldn't hear the band, the people, or the airplanes overhead whenever Stiff started the car. It rumbled and moved the ground beneath your feet. Everyone stopped and stared and nodded approval. He spun his tires and flipped everyone off as he left.

"Your friend is really mean," a young pinup said to me as we watched the Mercury speed out of sight.

"Ah, he doesn't mean to be. He's just in a foul mood. I think the Richie Riches are getting him down. Anyway, being a bad boy is what he's all about."

"Well, that was childish." She brushed back her hair and asked about my car.

I showed her around my pride and joy, a 1952 Buick Super Eight that looked like it had just been dragged from underneath a swamp, but under the hood all the new guts shined in all their glory. She had red wheels and nice white walls and a Bettie Page spray-painted in stencils on the hood by a local artist from Kansas City. I called her Doris, and she was what I had always wanted. Rat-rodded all the way down to the Navajo blankets on the old cushions of the seats.

"Is she for sale?" The cute doll asked.

"Nope."

"Not even for ten grand?" She asked.

I laughed. I had spent around 5 grand total, but she was worth a lot more than ten grand to me.

"I think about 3 million would pry her away from me."

Pinup went to the next person and started posing for the shutter bugs that were all around.

"Nice car, man." I heard a guy say behind me. I turned around to see the new young guy who had been trying to be chummy with us all day. He looked eager and he looked like he could just use a friend or someone to talk to.

"Thanks. I like your car too."

"You do?" He looked like I had just told him he had won the jackpot at Circus Circus.

"Well, yeah. She looks nice. You take care of her, you hear?"

"Yes sir!" With that he strutted over to his car and began talking with the people that were looking her over.

The sun was high and the crowd was thick and I remembered why I love all this. The cars and the companionship, the history and the hard work, the women and the music, and the whole atmosphere—that we all share similar interests and attitudes and just enjoy being around things that make us happy. At the same time, we are all different and all the cars are different and all the tastes are different, but I love the diversity and the many takes on an era that had long since given way to modern crassness and a lack of elegance.

For me, it is about keeping that elegance alive. I long for a simpler time when you could get your point across with a well-tuned engine and a spin of some tires, not with weapons or drugs. People asked me sometimes why I look like a '50s greaser. My reply is always the same.

"This is who I am."

Writer Alert: If you're a budding author and have written fiction you deem worthy of being published in the magazine, we'd love to take a look at what you've got. Sure, you may not be the next Steinbeck or Hemingway, but hey… we're not exactly the Atlantic Monthly, either. There's bound to be a fit between you and us… Send your outpourings to *RebelRodz* magazine/Wannabe-Writer Dept., P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376. The literary world will thank you for not sending it elsewhere.

CHASSERS

A married couple was in a terrible accident where the man's face was severely burned. The doctor told the husband that they couldn't graft any skin from his body because he was too skinny. So the wife offered to donate some of her own skin. However, the only skin on her body that the doctor felt was suitable would have to come from her buttocks. The husband and wife agreed that they would tell no one about where the skin came from, and they requested that the doctor also honor their secret. After all, this was a very delicate matter.

After the surgery was completed, everyone was astounded at the man's new face. He looked more handsome than he ever had before! All his friends and relatives just went on and on about his youthful beauty.

One day, he was alone with his wife, and he was overcome with emotion at her sacrifice. He said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me. How can I possible repay you?"

"My darling," she replied, "I get all the thanks I need every time I see your mother kiss you on the cheek."

Rocky Meyerson
W. Palm Beach, Florida

Little Johnny's new baby brother was screaming up a storm. Johnny asked his mom, "Where did we get him?" She replied, "He came from heaven, Johnny." Johnny says, "Wow! I can see why they threw him out!"

Tim Jennings
Strafford, New Hampshire

Morris and his wife, Esther, went to the State Fair every year, and every year Morris would say, "Esther, I'd like to ride in that helicopter." Esther always replied, "I know Morris, but that helicopter ride is fifty dollars, and fifty dollars is fifty dollars."

One year Esther and Morris went to the fair and Morris said, "Esther, I am 85 years old. If I don't ride that helicopter now, I might never get another chance." Esther replied, "Morris, that helicopter is fifty dollars, and fifty dollars is fifty dollars."

The pilot overheard the couple and said, "I'll make you a deal. I will take the both of you for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride and not say a word, I won't charge you. But if you say one word, it's fifty dollars."

Morris and Esther agreed and up they went. The pilot did all kinds of fancy maneuvers, but not a word was heard. He did daredevil tricks over and over again, but still not a word. When they landed, the pilot turned to Morris and said, "By golly, I did everything I could to get you to yell out, but you didn't, I'm impressed."

Morris replied, "Well, to tell you the truth, I almost said something when Esther fell out, but you know, fifty dollars is fifty dollars."

Frank Szynal
Millville, New Jersey

It was a small town and the patrolman was making his evening rounds. As he was checking a used car lot, he came upon two little old ladies sitting in a used car. He stopped and asked them why they were sitting there in the car. Were they trying to steal it?

"Heavens no, we bought it."

"Then why don't you drive it away."

"We can't drive."

"Then why did you buy it?"

"We were told that if we bought a used car here we'd get screwed, so were just waiting."

Jametric Moody
Bowling Green, Missouri

A young man and pretty blond girl were kissing in the front seat of a car. The blonde took off her shirt. So the guy asks, "Do you want to go into the back seat?" She shakes her head no.

They keep kissing and she takes of her pants. Again he asks, "Do you want to go in the back seat?" She shakes her head no, and they keep kissing.

The blonde takes off her bra and panties and they guy again asks, "Do you want to go in the back seat?" "No!" the blonde says, "I want to stay up here with you."

Tom Kropp
Fond du lac, Wisconsin

A Florida senior citizen drove his brand-new Corvette Convertible out of the dealership. Taking off down the road, he pushed it to 80 mph, enjoying the wind blowing through what little hair he had left. *Amazing*, he thought as he flew down I-75, pushing the pedal even more. Looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a state trooper behind him, blue lights flashing and siren blaring. He floored it to 100 mph, then 110, then 120.

Suddenly he thought, *What am I doing? I'm too old for this*, and pulled over to await the trooper's arrival.

Pulling in behind him, the trooper walked up to the Corvette, looked at his watch and said, "Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a reason for speeding that I've never heard before, I'll let you go."

The old gentleman paused and said, "Three years ago, my wife ran off with a Florida State Trooper. I thought you were bringing her back."

"You have a good day, Sir," replied the trooper.

Lena
Unknown

The seven dwarfs came home tired from a long, hard day's work and decided to relax in the hot tub. They put their swim trunks on, grabbed some beers and hoped in. Soon they started to feel happy. So Happy left.

Joe Lowery
Rancho Cucamonga, California

Leadsled Ed runs a stop sign in his '49 Merc and gets pulled over. When the cop asks for his license and registration, Leadsled Ed asks, "What for?"

"You didn't come to a complete stop at the sign," the officer says.

"I slowed down, and no one was coming Leadsled argues. Show me the difference between 'slow down' and 'stop' and I'll accept the ticket."

"Exit your vehicle sir," the cop says. He then begins to beat Leadsled Ed with a nightstick yelling, "Do you want me to stop or just slow down?"

Burt Whitcomb
Palmdale, California

Hey, heard a funny one lately that you wanna share with thousands of your best friends? This is your chance. Send us some of your best jokes (or cartoons), and we'll be happy to publish them here–if we like 'em. And what do you get? How about the honor of reading your name in print? But seriously, folks, send your jokes and cartoons to: RebelRodz Magazine, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, Ca 91376; or e-mail them to: rebelrodz@paisanopub.com. And hey, thanx!

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ANOTHER FINE FUSION OF FAR-OUT CULTURES

INK-N-IRON V

Text by Paul Garson
Photos by Eric Luna & Kai Raecke

Once again, the famous Queen Mary luxury liner tethered these past many years at its permanent berth in Long Beach played host to Southern California's biggest and, arguably, best gathering of tattoos and old iron.

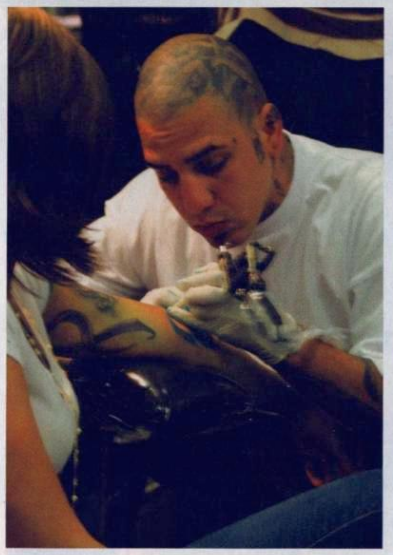
The annual three-day party was hitting its fifth year stride attracting thousands of bike, car and skin art fans gathering in the sunshine to strut their stuff and collect indelible impressions as some 280 artists from 30 U.S. states and 25 countries conducted marathon tattooing sessions inside the Queen Mary. The entire ship seemed to hum as hundreds of tattoo machines slammed ink.

Outside and covering several acres a herd of vendor booths proffered food, drink, custom car and bike parts, apparel, jewelry, artwork, and all things Kustom Kulture related, while a musical soundtrack for the whole mega-show was provided by 40 bands rocking away on three stages including both outdoor and within the nearby Long Beach Dome that once housed the famous Howard Hughes airplane, the Spruce Goose.

Long Beach has long been a permanent home for traditional as well as new-school tattooing. The legendary Bert Grimm's World Famous Tattoo, for example, at one time the longest continually operating tattoo shop in America (from 1927 until 2003, was located at the nearby Pike.

Call it a tattoo convention, bike show, custom car rally, art gallery, pinup girl party, music marathon ..., there literally was something for everyone. Space doesn't allow coverage of all the great stuff found at the festival, but here's a few highlights.

Thanks to the SoCal summer sun, clothing was semi-optional, or so it seemed thanks to a bevy of very visually appealing ladies who brought

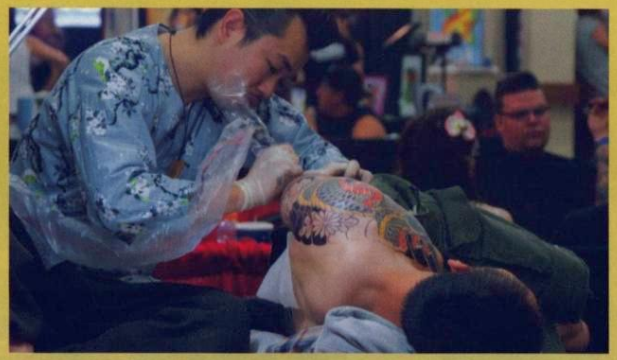


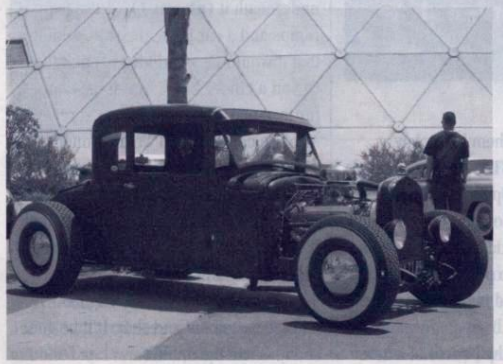
the amateur paparazzi out of the woodworks. And since the focus was on ink, if we had to pick the wildest collection of skin art seen at the show, high on the list would be body modification artist and skin art collector Shawn O'Hare. He specializes in exotic piercing, branding, scarification, 3-D art and even tooth art.

In the "iron" department, we ogled several dozen cars of all types and degree of rat-ification, customization and radicalization spread across the event grounds. Our nod also goes to the SoCal-based Cavaliers car club that traces its roots back to 1948 and is thus celebrating its 60th anniversary. Led by prez Tony Guardado, club members help each other build their cars in their home garages producing a nostalgic old-school assortment of Ford, Chevy and Merc rat rods, hot rods and customs.

Other highlights included the crew from the Phoenix-based The Foundry where they build nostalgic choppers at a user-friendly price tag. And speaking of eye candy, we tried some of the caramel-covered apples and other goodies made by "Insanely Sweet" sold by Lance Browning in his purple Mad Hatter's hat. You could even get a Kustom Hairkut at the booth set up by the "Hawleywood's Barber Shop" people, owner Danny Hawley sporting some rad ink as well.

That's it for this year's Ink and Iron Festival. There's another one getting ready to set sail at the Queen Mary in June 2009. For more info, go to www.queenmary.com or www.ink-n-iron.com.





PIPE DREAMS

A dual exhaust and fewer inches for a cooler look

There comes a time in every young rod lover's life when he wants to turn the stock old-timer he's had for a number of years into something just a little bit more radical, something that's bound to be noticed at the next car show. It's one thing to drive some granny's pristine grocery cart and receive an empathetic smile or two, it's quite another to actually be heard–and seen–coming through the gate.

Text by Doc Z • Photos by Greaser Tom

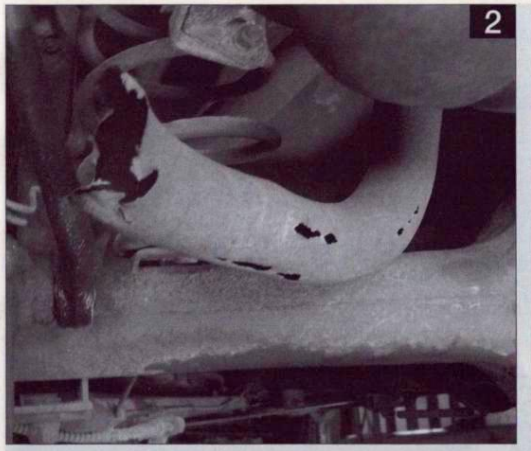
This was Greaser Tom's dilemma: he has a beautiful '52 Buick Special that really has nothing wrong with it, except that its straight 8-cylinder motor is so quiet, you'd think a sewing machine has just pulled up next to you. His other dilemma is the permanent cash drought that befalls many a family man like him.

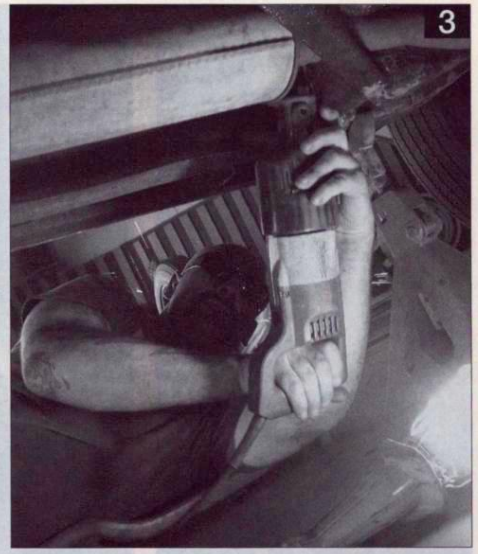
Luckily, he's also a man of many connections, one of them being Ian Roussel. Ian owns V818, the San Fernando Valley's one-stop-chop-shop, and Ian was happy to help out. "To make it sound cooler and, in the process, make it look cooler, we decided to put a better exhaust on it. We also lowered it a little bit while we were under there."

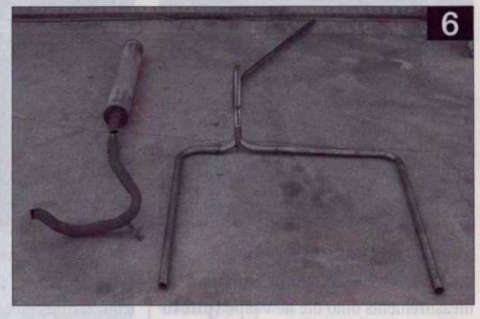
As it turned out, the benefit of a new exhaust was two-fold, because the old one was pretty rotten. "To make it a bit louder, I decided to split the single exhaust into duals and run them without mufflers," Ian says.

To accomplish this, Ian first establishes a firm and secure position for the heavy car so he can work underneath it **(photo 1)**. "I use two ramps and a car jack," he says, adding that it would be a bad idea to stick the car on a cinder block or a tree stump, for instance. "Better safe than sorry. Also, be careful when welding underneath a car. You are near a gas tank, and I personally have lost my hearing in one ear because of not being careful enough. Wear your safety gear and maybe even pull the gas tank out."

In **photo 2** we see the original tailpipe rusted out and shot. It'll be gone soon, as will the muffler.





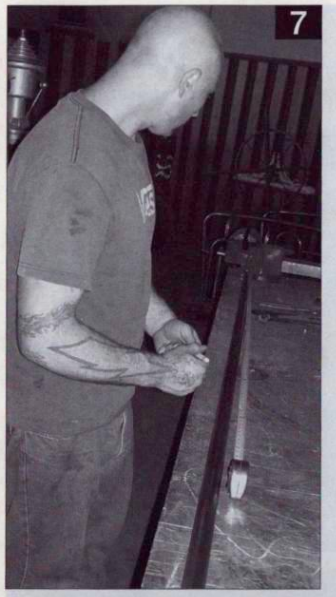


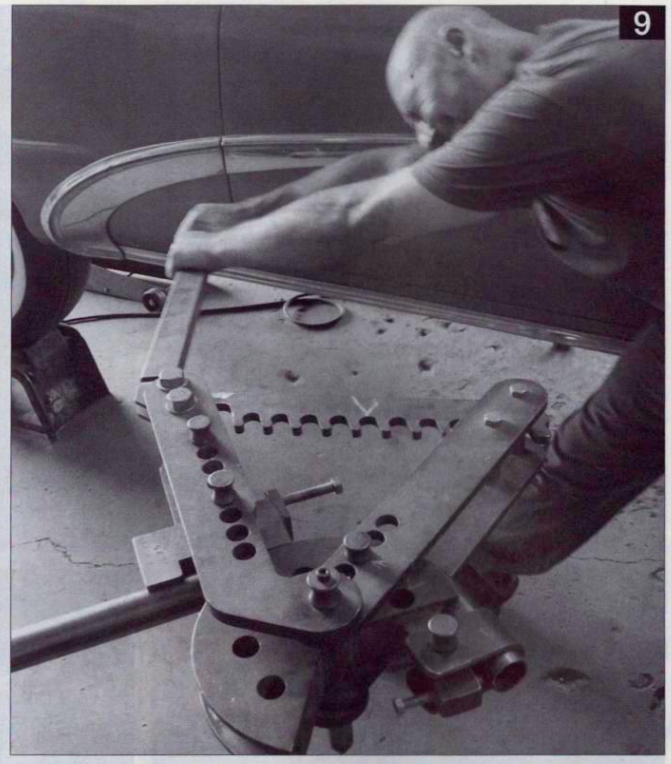
Ian makes quick work of the old stuff and cuts off pretty much the entire exhaust system **(photo 3)**. "I cut everything except the downtube of the exhaust manifold, which was fine, actually," he says.

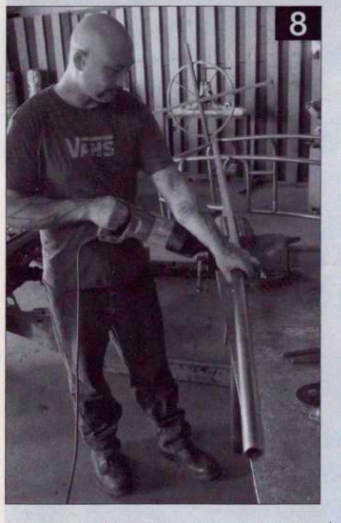
The exhaust hangers or brackets are also in good shape, so they are only unbolted and removed temporarily **(photo 4)**. Here we see the muffler coming out **(photo 5)**. With everything gone underneath the car, Ian sets about measuring a new 1 1/2-inch piece of round tubing he'd bought for this purpose. "I bought a 20-foot length, but we pretty much used up the entire length because the new pipe splits," he says. "You've got two sets of about 6 feet and one piece of about 4 feet."

In **photo 6**, we see the old exhaust next to the new system.

Ian took the measurements from where the pipe started bending because the exhaust pipe goes through the frame in two places and then bends up over





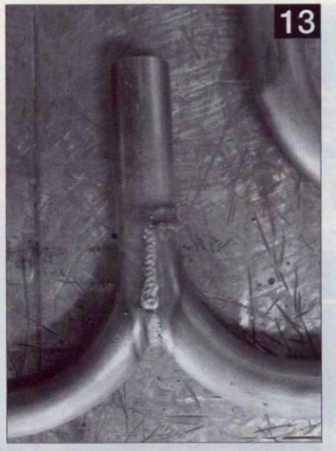


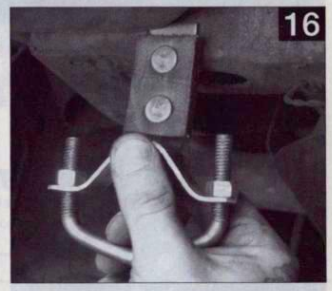
the axle and then splits and goes around the gas tank. He then transfers those measurements onto the new pipe **(photo 7)** before cutting it to length **(photo 8)**.

After cutting the individual pieces, Ian then puts whatever piece needs to be bent into the tube bender **(photo 9)**. Here we have a dramatic action shot of Ian using his elbow grease to make the metal obey. He uses a very hands-on approach.

The exhaust, which runs along the driver side underneath the car until it splits behind the axle, is put together from various pieces and it takes Ian a few times to try to fit each individual piece before welding them together and mounting them to the undercarriage. "The most challenging part was getting the exhaust to go up over the axle in a lowered car because there's obviously less space between the axle and the body," he says. In **(photo 10)** we see him placing a U-bend and a piece of pipe together to see how it'll fit. Here, they're still overlapping and will need to be trimmed. "It has to be really close to the floor, but on the other hand, it can't rattle against it, so it takes a lot of fitting and trimming to get it right," he explains.

In **(photo 11)**, "x" marks the spot because, as Ian puts it, "When you bend stuff, it's done in three dimensions and not like a flat strip. By x-ing the tube,





I am marking its dead bottom, so when I put the tube in the bender, I can move it right or left so I can get the material to angle accordingly."

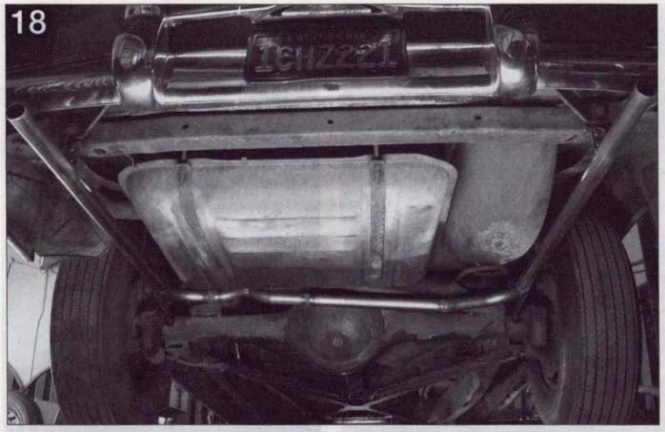
Photo **12** shows how the tube runs through the frame and precisely replaces the old pipe.

Photo **13** shows the U-bend Ian had bought and then split to create the triangular merge. He cut the U in half, flipped it and welded the halves together to form the joint where the single pipe turns into a dual pipe.

Photo **14**: once everything has been measured correctly, fitted, trimmed and fitted again, Ian spot-welds the entire system together, as much as possible, on the bench so he has to do less welding underneath the car.

Although the old brackets can still be reused, Ian needs to weld on additional brackets for the new second pipe. Here **(photo 15)** he cleans a part of the frame that will hold a new mounting bracket **(photo 16)**.

With everything welded up, Ian then lays his pipe, so to speak **(photo 17)**.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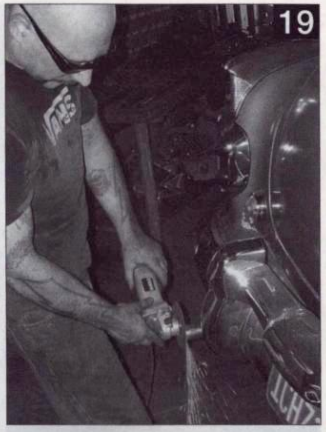
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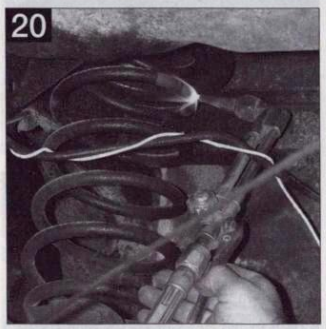
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Once everything is hooked up **(photo 18)**, Ian grinds down the part of the pipe that's sticking out **(photo 19)**.

That was it for the dual pipes. In order to lower the car, Ian uses one of the oldest tricks in the book **(photo 20)**. "I simply heat up the two rear coils and lower the rear end," he says. "Originally, Tom wanted to lower the whole car, but I find that with this type of car it looks better with just the rear lowered."

It's not the best way to lower cars, he cautions, because there is a chance of the coils snapping. "*RebelRodz* should not endorse this technique," he jokes adding that it's something that's "been done for years because it does work."

Photo 21 (before) and photo **22** (after) show a marked difference the car's riding height. "We shaved off about 4 inches in total," says Ian. And Greaser Tom? He's a happy camper because his new low-ridin', dual-piped rod now announces itself wherever it goes.

For more info on this or other tech tips, contact Ian Roussel at rousselsv818@yaboo.com

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HIGH-DECIBEL PICK-ME-UP

Text: Paul Garson • Photos: Roy Varga

Todd Lancaster can count on his fellow Cavaliers when he needs a hand banging out a new ride, like this '36 Ford/Buick hybrid seen hunkering down here with the lovely Bridget Blonde. She's having more fun thanks to this trick truckster that is remarkably comfortable despite its gnarly good looks

We caught up with Todd on a thermometer-popping SoCal August Saturday as he was gearing up for not one, but two birthday parties. Besides wrapping presents, he was also trying to wrap up some work on his truck. "I'm still working on the floorboards so I don't want a bunch of stuff blasting into the cab and the new door panels," he says. "Besides, it's too hot for the hot rod today, so I'm taking the family car."

Checking the chronology of his rat rod history, we learn that Todd's first project was a '48 Chevy pick-up. "That was several years ago, and at that time I didn't know too much about working on cars and just did what I could. I had it for about seven years then sold it to start work on the truck. My friends, Willy and Rick, had just started working on their cars. Rick found a 1 ½ ton '36 dualie which had the same measurements of a half-ton that fit into my plans. I bought the whole thing for 900 bucks. I kept the cab, grille shell and hood, then sold the rest for about $200 less than I paid for the whole thing."

As far as the look and body style he had in mind, it was inspired by the famous "Hooker Truck" built by Rudy Rodriquez. "I didn't want to do the exact same thing, so I didn't chop it a lot or channel it or shorten the bed," he explains.

The frame, fashioned from 2 ¼-inch rectangular tubing, was welded up by Ivan Sanchez who at this point invited Todd, Rick and Willy to join the Cavaliers. So Todd's truck basically got him on track as a Cavalier, the historic SoCal club originally founded back in 1948. All four ended up working on the frame and on tracking down the other components. Big on the list was a powerplant.

It just so happened that another of Rick's buddies was about to transplant motors in his car and offered him a free motor, a '56 322-cubic-inch Buick, if Todd would haul it out of his garage. Todd did and then rebuilt it before mating it with an

adaptor to a Chevy 350 Turbo tranny—no easy job.

When everything was bolted together, it was time for its first launch. "It was scary and exciting at the same time," says Todd. "We didn't exactly know what was going to happen, so my friends got in their cars and followed along…just in case. But it was a lot of fun and felt really fast at the time, and now it's gotten a lot better."

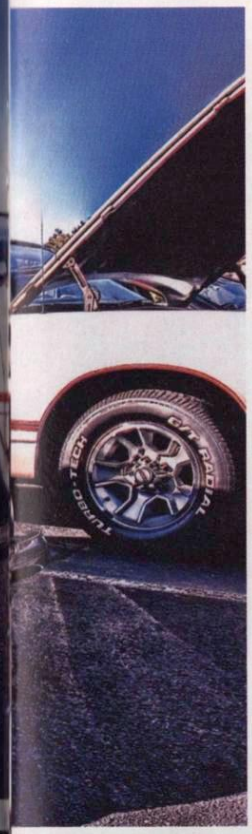
Concerning the comfort factor, Todd says, "My car is probably one of the best riding cars I know, and I don't know really know why. I have a '40 transverse rear spring with just regular tube shocks and Model A shocks up front. I do have a nice stock seat with springs so it rides smooth."

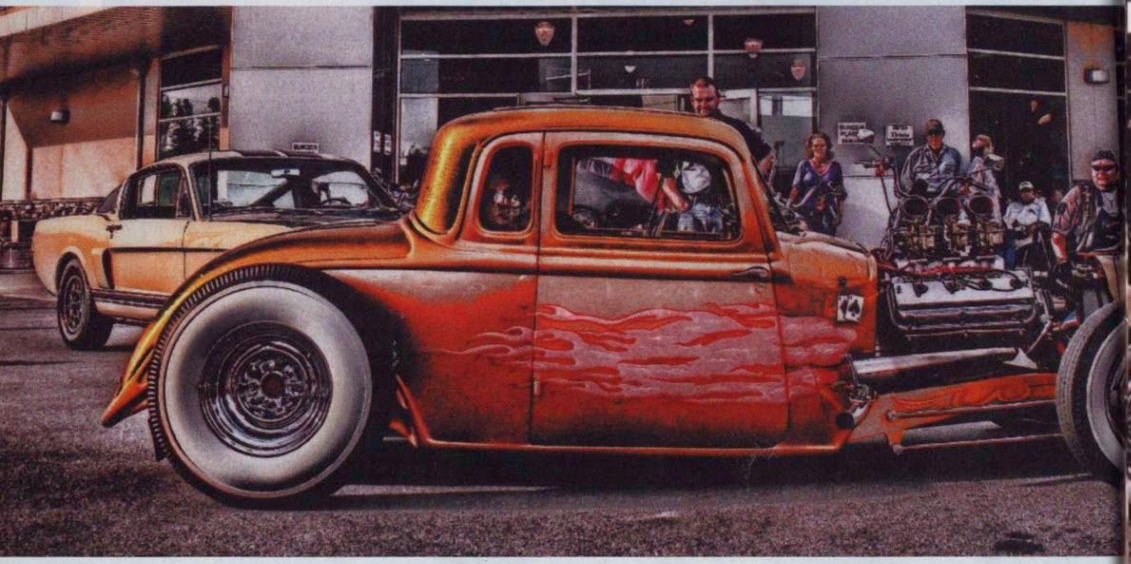
As for the decibel level, Todd pauses, then chuckles, "It's pretty loud. I found that out early before the interior was done when I was about to drive through an intersection and had no idea that a whole bunch of firetrucks, police cars and ambulances were blasting through. My truck was so loud I couldn't hear anything, but fortunately I saw them in time to slam on the brakes which also fortunately worked great."

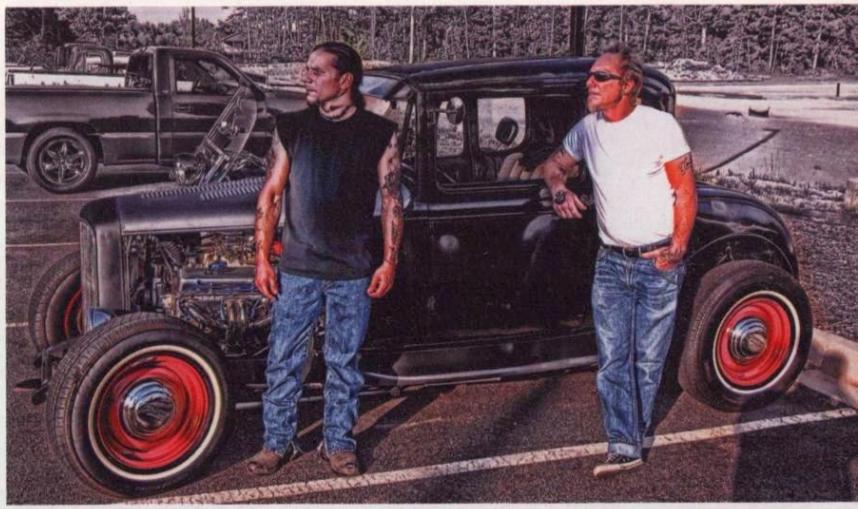
Todd's new project in the works is a '29 Roadster on a '32 frame. Stay tuned for its arrival here at RR. You'll probably hear it coming several issues in advance since Todd's dialing in the decibel level.

And you can see more of Bridget on page 54.

Owner: Todd A. Lancaster
City: Bellflower, California
GENERAL
Make/model: Ford pick-up
Year: 1936
Assembly: Ivan Sanchez (frame)
Time to build: 12 months
ENGINE
Year: 1956
Model: Buick
Carburetion: two
Ignition: '63 Buick distributor
Exhaust: open
Modifications: yes
DRIVETRAIN
Transmission: 350 auto
Shifting: Gennie
CHASSIS
Type: 2x4 square tubing
Frame: custom
Suspension: Pete & Jake's
Steering: pre '67 VW bus
Modifications: 4-inch "z" in front, 10-inch kick-up in rear
INTERIOR
Type: vinyl & leather
Seats: stock
Dash: stock
Gauges: SW 3-gauge panel
Audio System: none
PAINT
Painter: Jerry & Julia
Type/Colors: PPG/maroon & beige
ACCESSORIES
Headlights: BLC
Taillights: '53-'54 Buick
Special additions: none
WHEELS
Front/rear: 15x4/15x4.5
Brakes: '40 Ford/'64 Buick
Tires: 6.70x15/8.20x15
Other modifications: 3-inch chop, Buick hubcaps, Buick steering wheel, '64 Buick Riviera rear end
Model: Bridget Blonde







MANIPULATIVE ART

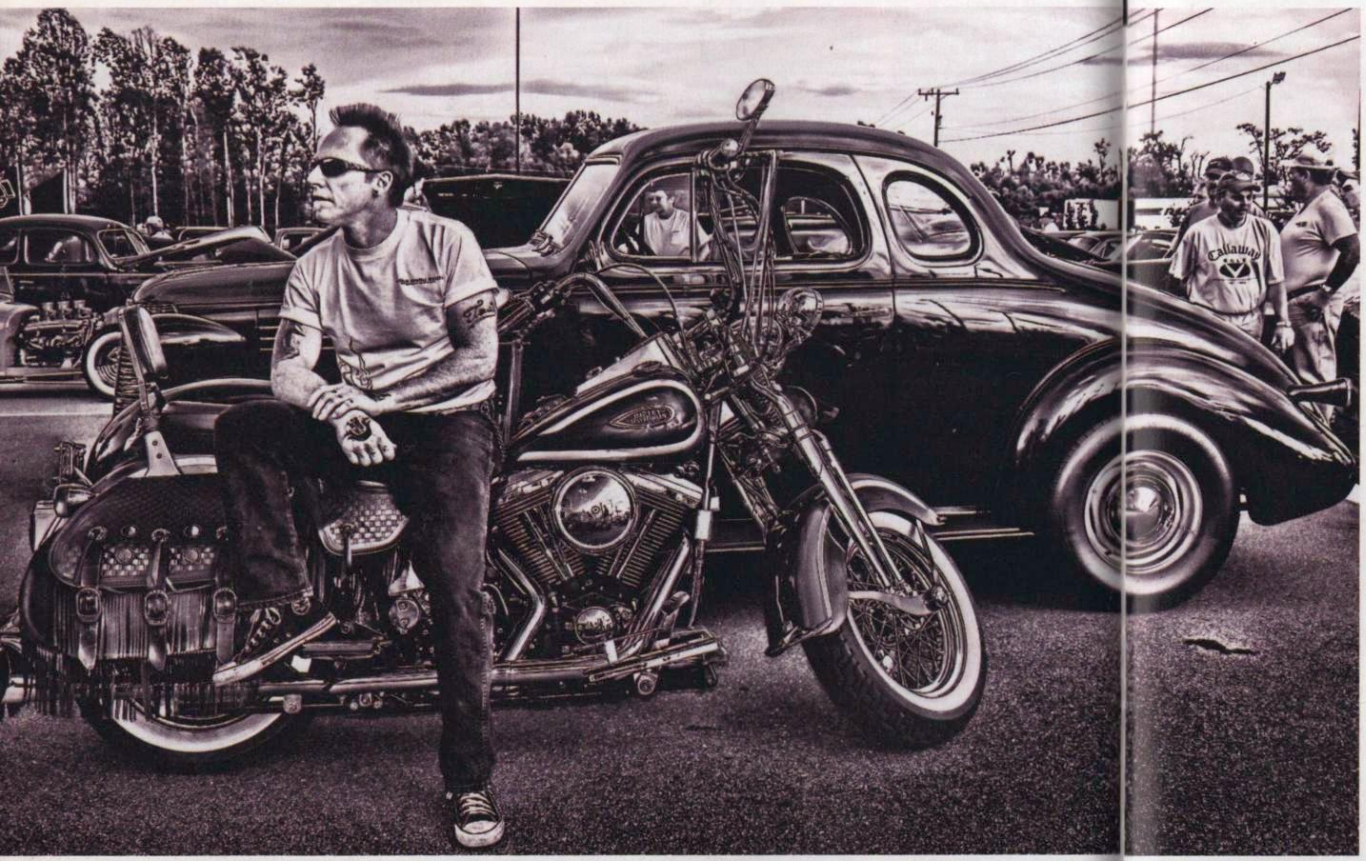
Text: J. Walker • Phototgraphy: Mike Cole

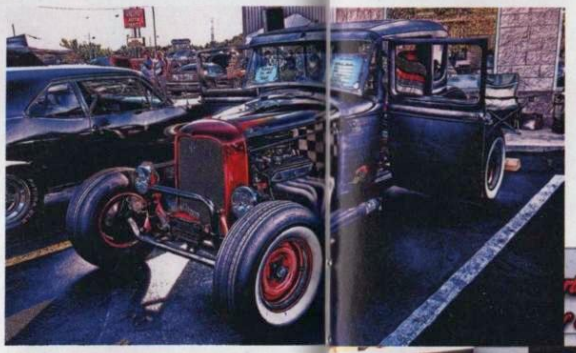
WHEN CAMERAS AND COMPUTERS COLLIDE

Back when photography was a bit younger but old enough to have become a popular and affordable tool, artists started to use this new medium to create art. They would manipulate not only the process of taking a photo by playing with different shutter and film speeds, f-stops, and panning techniques (to name a few variables), they would also—and even more effectively—manipulate the captured image in their darkrooms by "dodging" and "burning," by "pushing" the film, by using different kinds of filters and papers, and so on and so forth. It was a time-consuming, elaborate, and often expensive endeavor.

Except for a few die-hards, those days have given way to the art of digital photography and further image manipulation by software. And there's plenty of software out there to let the enthusiast or professional do an enormous amount of manipulating. It's still a time-consuming (albeit not quite as expensive and elaborate) endeavor.

Mike Cole is a professional photographer in South Carolina. He's been clicking away for the better part of 30 years, with a lot of the clicking done under his pseudonym





The Breeze and aimed at Harley-Davidson motorcycles. But as of late, his focus has been a lot of hot rods and rat rods exposing his work to people who aren't as familiar with his photography. But they just call him Mike.

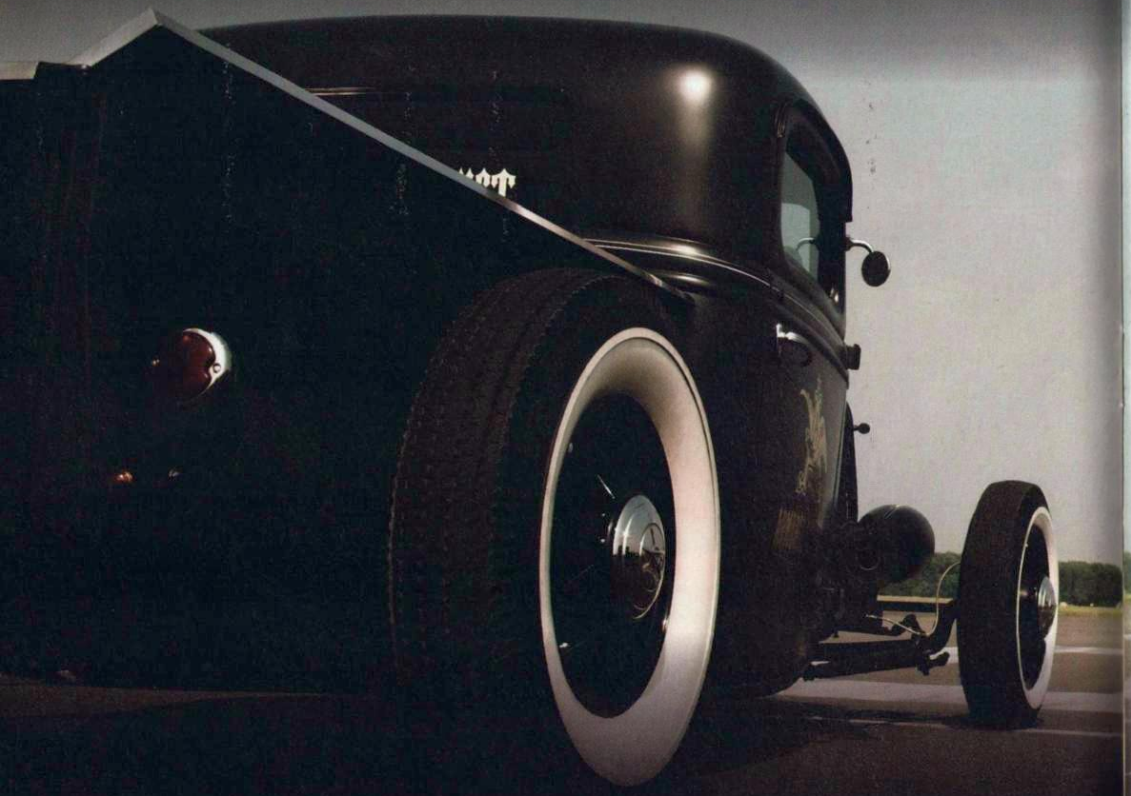
To process his images, Mike says he uses three different types of software. "I mainly work with Lucius or Corel Painter, but I also do a lot of work in Adobe Photoshop, of course," he says. "A lot of times, Licius will leave it too pixilated for my taste, so I'll go in and paint the skies again in Photoshop or use a custom brush from another program."

Of course, it's not just as simple as clicking a mouse and everything turns up roses. Mike estimates he spends about two hours on each photo until he's got it to where he thinks it's perfect. Considering he's done more than 1,000 hot rod pictures of this type over he past five years, that's an enormous labor of love.

Mike used to shoot mainly bikes, for magazines like *Easyriders* and *In The Wind*, but when he started working with cars, he says, "A lot of people told me they wanted to buy these photos, but that's not why I was there. I was just doing it for fun."

Although he has yet to set up a booth at a car event, Mike is definitely considering it. "There are two car clubs in this area that ask me to set up a booth every time they go out," he says. "I'm not getting rich doing this. Not yet, anyway."

Mike has a web site with more info on this and all the other types of photography he does, and he welcomes any visitors there. Check him out at www.mikecolephotography.com.



BOTTROP KUSTOM KULTURE 2008

Germany's baddest rabble rousers hook up

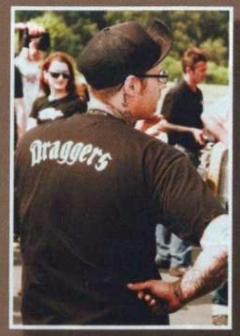
Text & Photos by Pixeleye

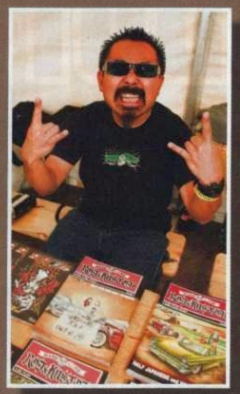
For the fifth time in as many years, Germany's most awesome old-school hot rod and kustom kar meeting took place in Bottrop on June 6 and 7. Besides the international select crop of kustom artists traveling from as far away as the U.S., Japan and throughout Europe, some 5,000 visitors came to play on the tarmac of the airport Schwarze Heide, among them lots of rockabillies and rockabellas, as they like to call them there.

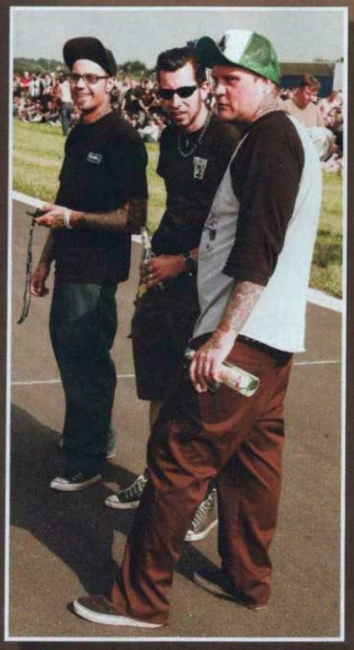
For 10 euros each day or 15 euros for both days, lots of rock 'n' roll was there for the "taking" from such respected purveyors as Hellsinki, Bee Bop a Hula, Sinner Supplies, andVoodoobeat. Boys and girls alike were shaking their assets and having a blast.

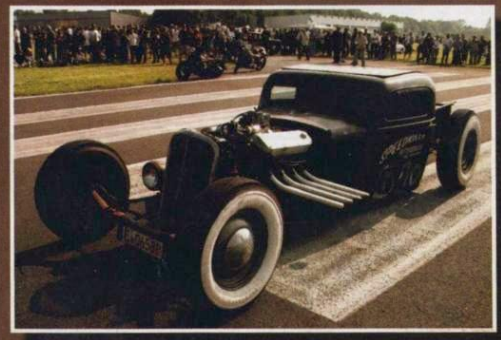
One of Saturday's highlights was the 1/8-mile race across the tarmac for both pre-1965 cars and motorcycles, officiated, like in the good old days, by a lovely lass with a checkered starter flag in her hands.

Meanwhile, in the well-attended and filled Extravaganza Tent, the exhibiting artists had their hands full, quite literally. There was pinstriping like there's no tomorrow, by artists like Herb Martinez, Doug Dorr, Empire32, Skratch, Keith Weesner, Makoto, Max Grundy, Mr.G, Ghost, Lucky Lenn, Tim Mercury, Dapper Den, Mike Always Kustom, Centeroiler.







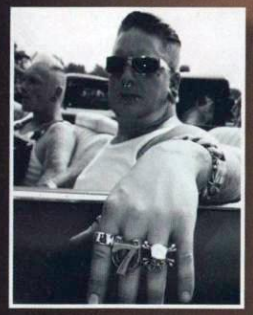


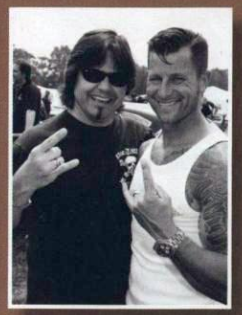
Two photographers (Axel Bienert and yours truly) had work on display.

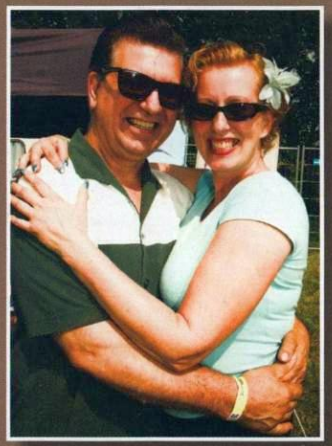
Hot rod clubs came from all across Europe and overseas, folks like Aces Deluxe, Aces So.Cal., Choplifters, Dead End Bombers, Fisters, Haters, Hep Demons, Lifters, Loud Mufflers, Rumblers and the Scrapers.

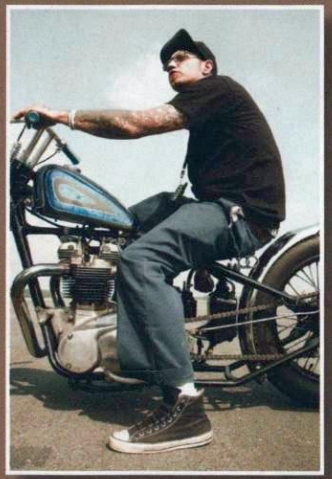
Evenings were filled with rockin' and rollin' tunes shaking the party tent: Devil In Disguise, The Gasoliners, Silvertones, The Grindolls, Hot Rail, and Eddy and the Backfires all ensured a sweltering, moving event that kept humming well into the wee, wee hours.

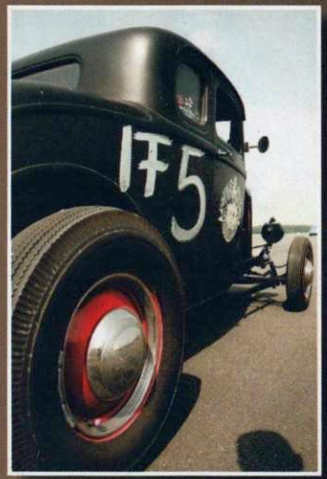
It was, once again, an exceptional weekend for guys and gals and their kars. Each year, the Bottrop Kustom Kulture event seems to grow exponentially. For more info about this and next year's events, check out http: www.bottropkustomkulture.com.









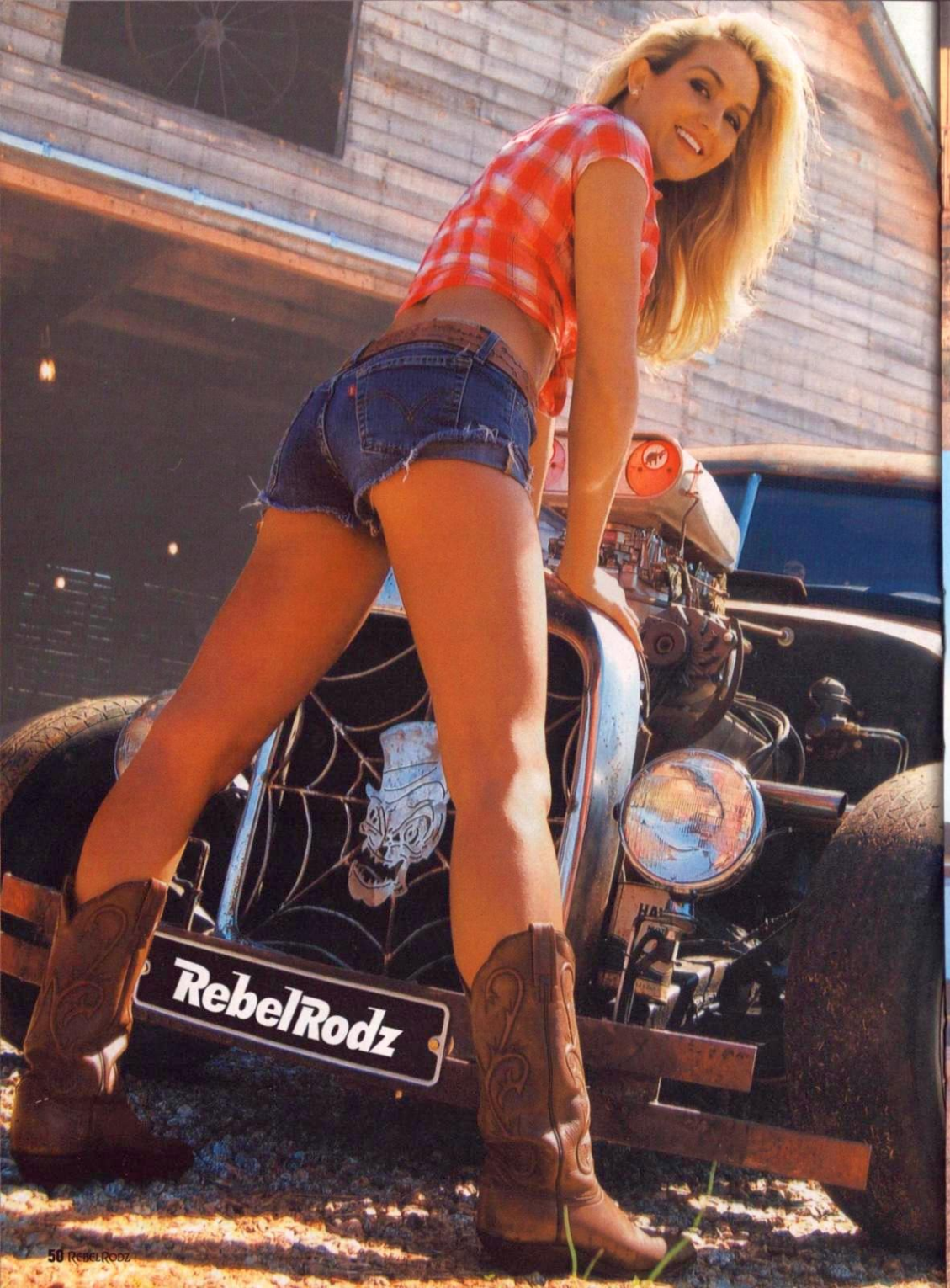


Loud and Nasty

A Flame-Spitting, Double-Carbed Monster

Text by Doc Z/Will Davis
Photos by Chuck "Smalls" Couch

Growing up in NASCAR Country has given Will a different kind of understanding of what type of car might be cool, and after years of traditional hot rods, muscle cars and race cars, Will has finally found something a little different, something that would stick out of the crowd: a fire-breathing monster. "I have owned several muscle cars over the years," he says. "They were all products of Detroit, cookie cutter in many ways. They were all fun, but I had the itch to build something that I could call my own."



When he decided to build this truck, he chose some simple guidelines: loud and obnoxious. Oh, yeah, and safe. "The building process was like working with an erector set and scavenger hunt rolled into one. Immediately, all barns, bushes, and classified ads were closely checked, and that's how I found the cab and rails: a 1938 Chevy that we chopped 5 inches and channeled to the rails 7 inches. The cab had no doors, so we made our own."

Soon after came the bed, a 1947 Dodge Longbed that Will and his friends shortened 18 inches and narrowed 5 inches to fit between the tires. The parts and pieces slowly began to pile up, and the piece that would finally include all three of the Detroit guys was a 1930 A model radiator and grille shell which they tricked out with spider webs and a Mad Hatter skull made by Will's 18-year-old son. A set of 7/8-inch wrenches bought at a pawnshop for a quarter each ended up becoming headlight perches.

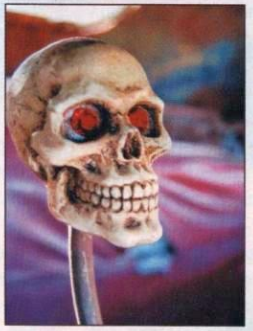
Next, a 1948 straight axle from a Chevy truck was converted into a buggy and spring style suspension. "We then dusted off an old 350 small block I had saved, a turbo 350 tranny, and a '49 Granny 4-speed shifter made to fit with a skull shifter knob,"

Will goes on. "And the interior received a 1964 Nova bench seat that was dressed up with an Indian blanket."

For attention, Will installed two carbs and a blaster exhaust. "Loud pipes save lives, right?" he asks rhetorically. With a lot of work and help from his friends, this truck turned out to be exactly what the doctor ordered, and it didn't take long before Will and Co. jumped at the chance to unleash their creation at a local car show's burnout test.

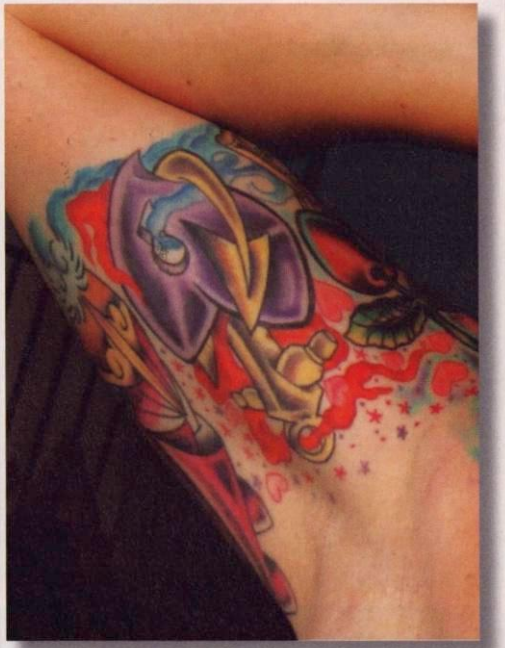
"With a ton of Chevy horsepower, line-lock and posi rear end, smoking the competition was an easy job," he says and laughs. "With blue flames flying from the exhaust and white smoke billowing from the tires, I knew my friends and I had accomplished what we'd set out to do. We had built a fire-breathing monster that doesn't play well with others."

An exception and welcome playmate, however, may well be Brooke, the lovely lass seen posing here together with the monster. With her Daisy Dukes, long legs and winsome smile, she can pretty much tame any monster.



Owner: Will Davis
City: Ellenboro, North Carolina
GENERAL
Make/model: Chevy Truck
Year: 1938
Assembly: 3D Kustoms
Time to build: 8 weeks
ENGINE
Year: 1970
Model: Chevy 350
Carburetion: 2 500cfm Edelbrocks
Ignition: Mallory HEI
Exhaust: Zoomie
Modifications: exhaust, heads
DRIVETRAIN
Transmission: 350 turbo
Shifting: 1949 Granny 4-speed
CHASSIS
Type: pick-up
Frame: 1938
Suspension: straight axle
Steering: 1949 Chevy
Modifications: engine mounts
INTERIOR
Type: not much
Seats: 1964 Nova bench seat
Dash: original
Gauges: Auto Gauge
Audio System: Zoomie headers
PAINT
Painter: Mother Nature
Type/colors: rust/spray bomb
ACCESSORIES
Headlights: '30 Ford
Taillights: '47 Dodge
Special additions: '69 Nova leaf spring bumpers
WHEELS
Front/rear: 15x7 steel
Brakes: drum
Tires: 205-70-15 white walls
Other modifications: road sign door panels.
Model: Brooke Benson

REBEL INK



This issue's cover model, Bridget Blonde, comes originally from Houston, Texas, which is also where all of her tattoos (so far) have been done. She's only recently come out to California to pursue her modeling career. "I was coming out here a lot to do modeling anyway," she says, "so it really was a practical move more than anything."

But home is where the heart is, they say, and for Bridget, it's also where all of her ink was done. "Although I love the beach here in California, but I miss Texas terribly," she says.

Juan Cabrera at Superchangos Tattoos in Houston is responsible for almost everything colorful on Bridget and, as we can see, he's a talented artist. Bridget wastes no time pointing out her favorite piece. "That's my rib piece, the skull with the words 'Love Harder' over it," she says. "It's really the only one I have that's super sentimental to me."

She lost someone very close to her heart, she explains, and the skull is there to remind her to love as hard as she can and not let that love fail. "I also call it my gangster mark, because it's tough getting a big piece on your ribs; it hurts really bad and is kind of excruciating, but I felt like it was the right place for something that hurt me," she explains.

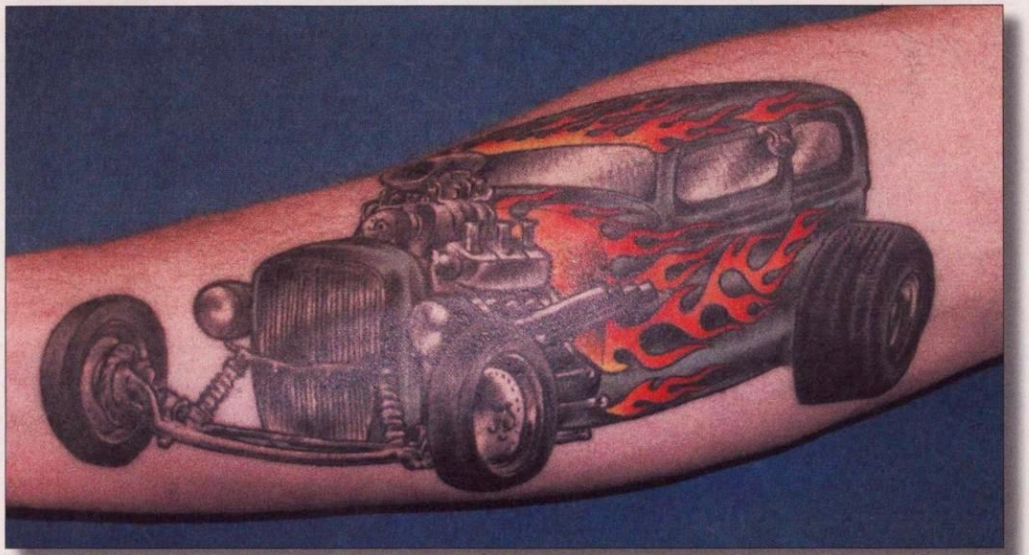
But that doesn't negate her other tattoos, like the spider web and geisha on her left shoulder, or the flowers and cherries on her right half-sleeve, right above her diamond. They just don't have as much meaning to her. "Basically, I just let Juan draw and color on me," she jokes.

There's also a pirate ship and at least one nautical star that we could espy on her back, but for the most part, she says, "I tried to keep it pretty girlie, like the small hearts on my shoulder."

Right above the koi fish, originally a cover-up on her left forearm, Bridget has a small piece with some hearts and stars in hot pink that she inked herself. "I just did that for the fun of it," she adds.

For the time being, she says, she has enough ink and would rather concentrate on her work. From what we can see, she's got a knack for this type of stuff, and if you want to see more of her, simply go to www.bridgetblonde.com.

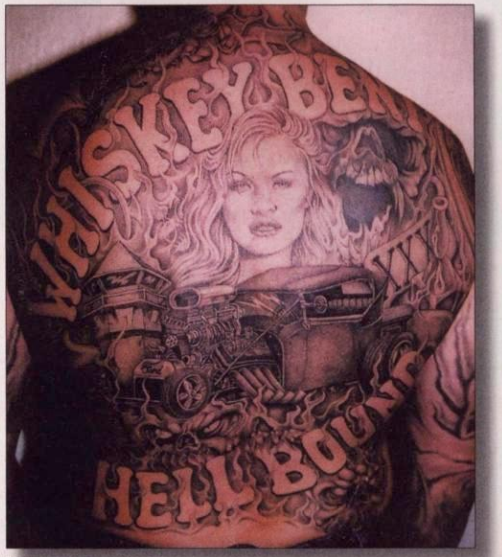
Tootsie Madrid, San Francisco, CA



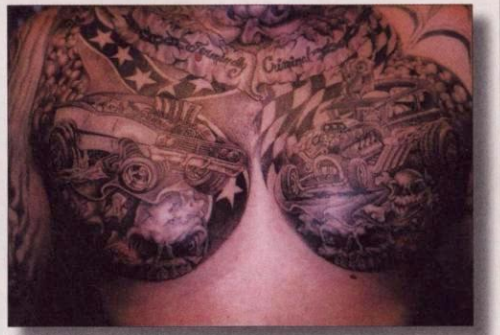
Wes Ritter, Yukon, OK

REBEL INK

Mark Gerardi, Brunswick, ME



Lawrence Luce, Canby, OR



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We know you grease monkeys take pride in your designs so now is your chance to share your creations with the rest of us. If you think your flashy art will fit in our greasy pages, we would like to see it! We prefer color, but we will look at your black and white kustom art as well. Always include your name and address in each piece of artwork and if you would like the material returned, include a self-addressed stamp envelope. Send your drawings to: RebelRodz, P.O. Box 3075, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3075

Hot Rod Yesteryears

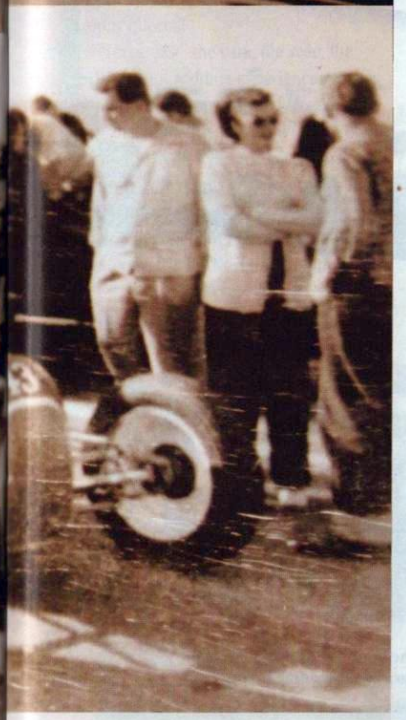
A trip down memory lane: hot rods, pinups, style and tradition!

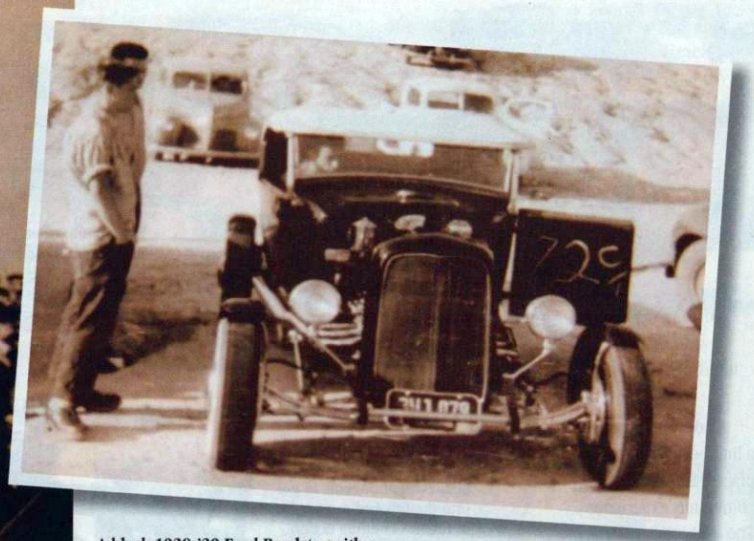
PART ONE

Text by Mark Whitney Mehran
Photos courtesy of Frank Lurry

Lake pipes, white whites, burnouts, pinstriping, chop tops, cuffed 501 Levis, flannel shirts, hammered drop axles, pinup girls, and grease have all become hot rodding staples which have endured for decades and managed to keep their coolness and gritty allure. Let's blast back in time and take a rare look into some of our hot rodding traditions with these never before released photographs from the early days of hot rodding. The spirit of hot rodding as seen in the styles, people, places and cars of yesterday are still very much alive today in the current post millennium traditional hot rod revival.

Here we see a souped-up Ford Model T ready for a race at the starting line. Cuffed jeans, Eisenhower jackets, greaser Ts, and flannels. Not much has changed over the years.





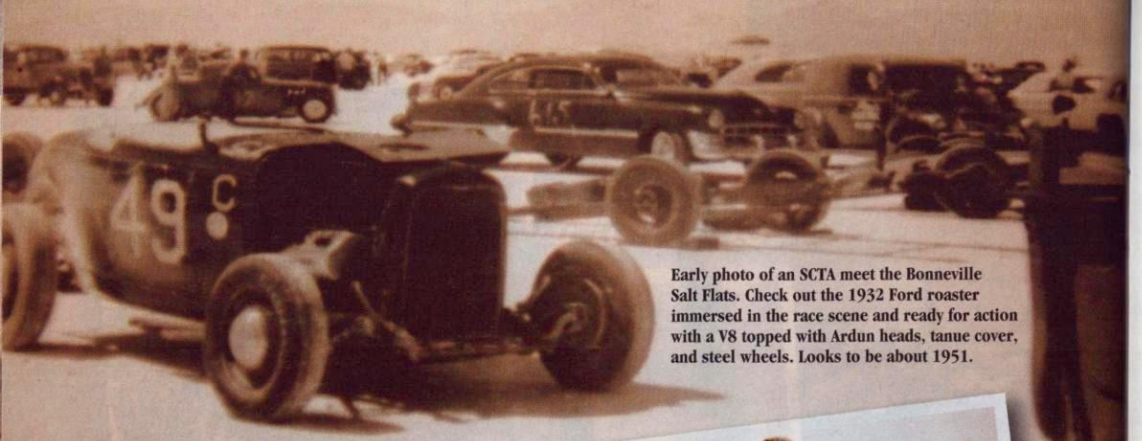
A black 1928-'29 Ford Roadster with a V8 Flathead, '32 deuce grill, and lake pipes. Pictured some time in the 1950s at Paradise Mesa this A-V8 roadster is still as sweet now as it was back then.

A hot rod is more than just an automobile. A hot rod is a feeling translated into steel, gears, engineering, and artistry. Going fast, testing new ideas, and the unique camaraderie centering around finely tuned, stylized, and personalized machines are what hot rodding is all about. In the early days of hot rodding Model T, Model A, 1932, and '33-'34 Fords were plentiful and the primary choice for converting into a stripped-down, tricked-out, hopped-up, go-job hot rod. The dynamic body contours and availability of early Ford cars made Ford the dominant make for a hot rod transformation.

The first year of Ford's factory eight cylinder engine called the flathead V8 was 1932. With a bit of modification and tuning, the new larger flathead left the 4-cylinder predecessor in the dust and quickly became the engine of choice for every aspiring speed demon and hot rodder. By opening up the airflow and increasing cfm capacity with specialty intake manifolds sporting multiple carburetors and aluminum heads, which increased compression and flow, aftermarket speed parts made remarkable enhancements to factory design limitations and became a necessity for everyone desiring more performance from their automobile.

The emergence of these experimental and effective hot rod modifications lead the way to the production of aftermarket speed parts and eventually the performance auto parts industry.

In the quest for speed and style, many hot rodders would cross-breed the years of bodies and frames. By putting the lighter and slightly smaller Model A (1928-'31) body on the 1932 chassis, which was already factory loaded with the desired V8 engine, the A-V8 was born. With the hood and fenders stripped, the 1932 "deuce" grille was stylistically the best looking and has maintained this status ever since. As a bonus, the 1932 passenger chassis was produced with an extra beauty mark contour channel running down the outer side of the frame rails which is exposed when the fenders are removed. The smaller and lighter Ford Model T was also adapted to deuce rails and with the addition of a track style grille shell became a popular race and street combination.



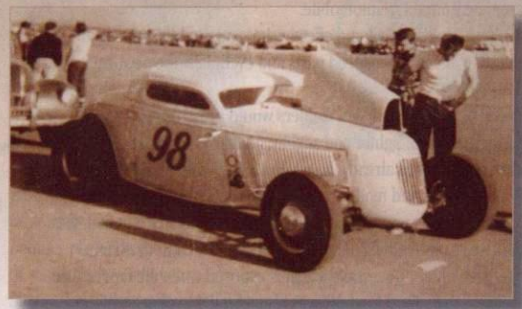
Early photo of an SCTA meet the Bonneville Salt Flats. Check out the 1932 Ford roaster immersed in the race scene and ready for action with a V8 topped with Ardun heads, tanue cover, and steel wheels. Looks to be about 1951.

A hot rod becomes a link between people, places, and shared community experiences. The drag strip was a rallying point and testing ground for hot rodding engineering and style. In the 1950's just about anyone with an idea and some mechanical ability was able to compete at the highest level. Many speed equipment companies like Edelbrock, Weiand, Crower, and Mooneyes came about during those thriving and experimental early days of hot rodding.

Right: Young, old, man or girl, everyone seems to get into the fun and camaraderie of the hot rodding action.

A rear engine T with a push truck leaves the starting line at an SCTA meet at the El Mirage dry lake bed.

Below: A hot rod 1934 Ford. This chopped and channeled coupe shows how stock or factory items were made better by being cut and reconfigured.

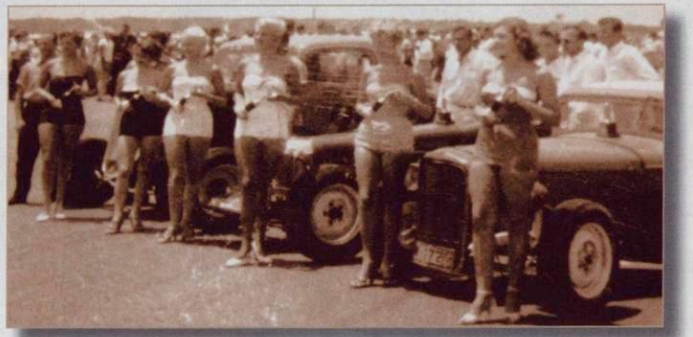


The Kenny Yenowine 1934 coupe at Paradise Mesa drag strip.

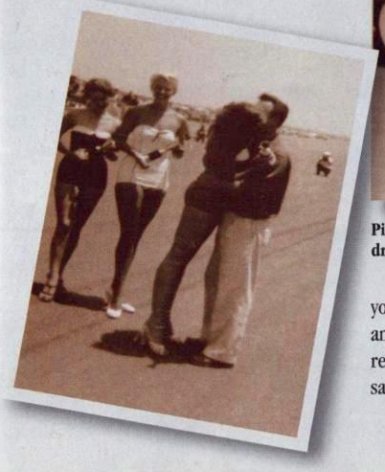
This Ford Model T featuring the timeless big and little bias ply tire combo, channeled body, louvered belly pan, and track nose exudes all the classic styling that has kept its cool throughout the years. Whether it's 1952 or 2010, any hot rodder would be amped to have this beauty parked in front of his house.

What turns every hot rodder and greaser on as much as a sweet hot rod are the beautiful pinup girls that, in the 50's, were also called "trophy queens." After hot rodding events, they handed out awards for the fastest hot rod, best looking hot rod, best presented racing team or club, and best engineered rod. If you were one of the lucky winners, you often enjoyed a bonus kiss from one of the trophy queens!

The grease, the cars, the style, the girls, the hot rodding experience reaches beyond transient trends and has endured over the years. The universal feeling of hot rodding as a lifestyle as depicted in these unique photographs shows how certain elements of hot rodding have become a tradition that all hot rodders, yesterday and today, live by. Next time you pull on your 501s, jump in your chop top coupe, and head out to the next hot rod meet, remember there was someone doing the same thing 50 years ago.



Pinup girls, also known as Trophy Queens, are having a good time at the Paradise Mesa drag strip and a big part of the hot rod scene since the early days.



The vintage photos for this article are courtesy of Frank Lurry's private collection and have been restored by Mark Whitney Mehran at Hot Rod Surf Publishing, San Diego, California. www.hotrodsurf.com

Amusin' Kruisin'

It's like déjà vu all over again: Amusin' Kruisin' is back and it's here to stay...we think. We figure those two words best describe what these pages are all about. So, you've got some cool shots of your ride or your girl—or someone else's—and want to see them here? Let's have 'em! Cars, girls, parties and cruisin', this is where you'll find it all. Send your flicks to: RebelRodz Magazine, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376; or e-mail them to rebelrodz@paisanopub.com. *We'll see ya down the road!*

Charlie Lecach, Clermont-Ferrand, France

Cynthia Xelas, New York

Belgium Lion, San Diego, CA

Rena Koerner, Lakewood, CA

Amusin' Kruisin'

Pixeleye, Germany

Tim Rein, Prescott, AZ

Belgium Lion, San Diego, CA

Cynthia Xelas, New York

Cynthia Xelas, New York

Cynthia Xelas, New York

Amusin' Kruisin'

Rich, South Bend, IN

Steve Tuba, Pomona, CA

You might have smelled the burning rubber already: we're starting a new magazine! That's right, the first issue is waiting to be put together and revving to hit a newsstand near you. All we need is your help.

This is your chance to show us what you've got. Whether it's a rust bucket rat rod, a clean-as-a-whistle shoebox, or a chopped and z'ed custom kar, or even a rad and righteous bobber, take a picture of it and send it to us. The picture, that is. If you've got some girls to go with the kars, even better.

You won't be doing it for free, either. We'll be happy to pay you $15 for any picture we publish, or a whopping $300 for that one picture the editors of this magazine determine to be the best of the bunch.

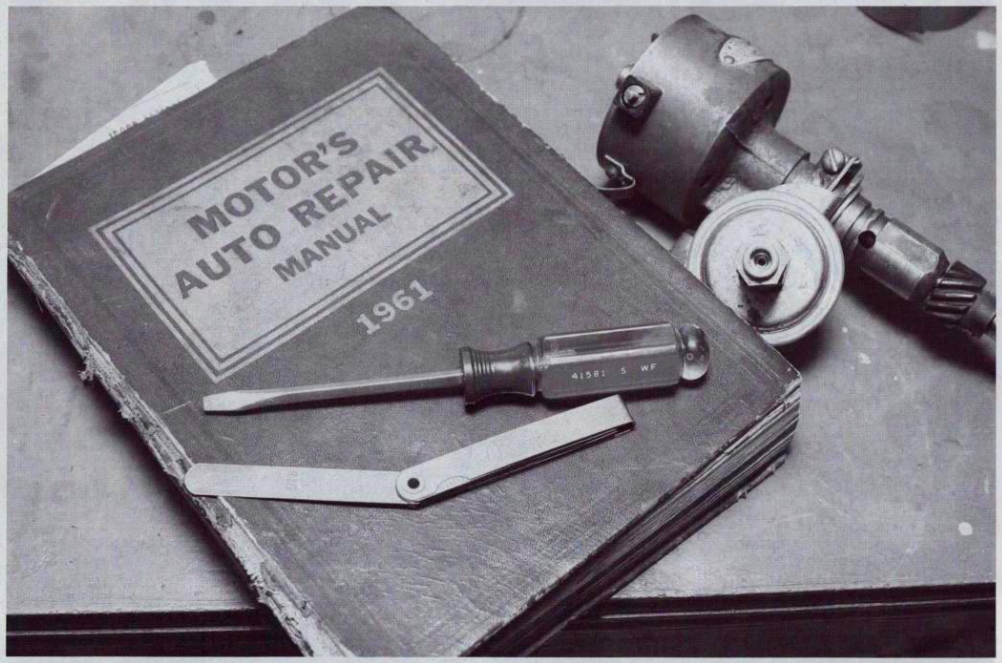
So push those shutter buttons and send us your stuff! If you're living in the past and still shooting film, send your excellent prints to RebelRodz, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3025. If you're a modern person and shoot digital, make sure your images are high-resolution (300dpi) and preferably in jpeg-format.

We'll see you down the road.

E-mail your pics to rebelrodz@paisanopub.com.

Tuning Up A Distributor

And The Points Go Here



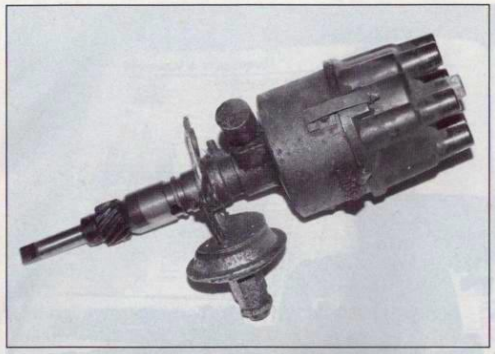
Text & photos: S. E. Malone

For the past 35 years we've been taking automotive ignition systems for granted. Some cars' ignitions have caps and rotors that need replacing; others only have small ignition coils that sit right on top of the spark plugs. My '98 Ford truck's only tune-up is a set of plugs every 100,000-miles, but most of our rods' motors have real ignitions. They use points and condensers and caps and rotors that are made out of a real hard plastic.

Until we start wrenching on old iron, we don't seem to remember the days of measuring point gap and using a timing light. Our '49 Chevy pick-up has a 235 straight-six that runs its original ignition. It has a Bakelite distributor cap with a rotor, points set and a condenser inside. Getting the whole mess working right is no mystery. Actually the hardest part was coming up with the tune-up specs. We found an old Motor's Manual at a used bookstore. It only went back to 1953, but the distributor specs were the same as for our 1949. If you can't locate the appropriate Motor's Manual, old car parts suppliers like Chevs of the 40's and Bob Drake have reproduction service manuals available. Or you can find a lot of the needed information online, free even!

Because we were working on a Chevy pick-up, we ordered the new distributor parts from Chevs of the 40's; they have almost everything you could need to rebuild one of these trucks. Had we been working on a Ford, we would have called Bob Drake Reproductions. One thing, don't take your distributor apart till you have the new parts in-hand. We once knew a guy who took his apart and lost a couple of screws that held the point's plate on; he had a hell of a time finding new ones.

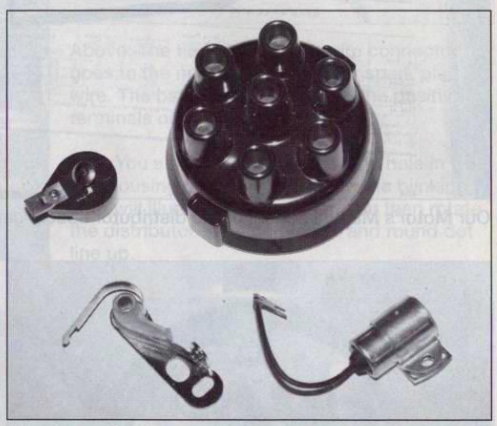
Anyway, after the man in brown dropped off the new stuff, we removed the distributor from the motor, making a note of which way the rotor was pointing; this is very important so that you get the distributor back in the same gear teeth that it was before.



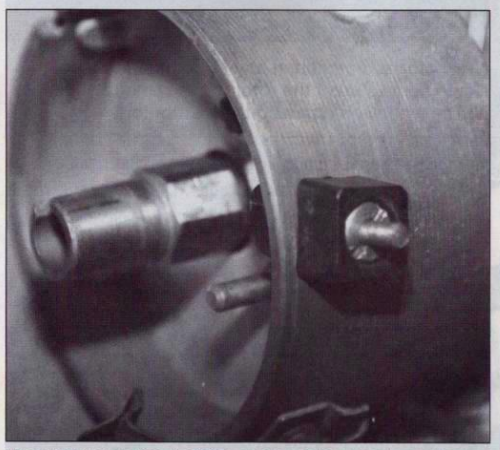
Not only was our distributor dirty, it didn't work real well. The truck had a bad miss at speed.

There ain't much under the cap, just a set of points and a condenser.

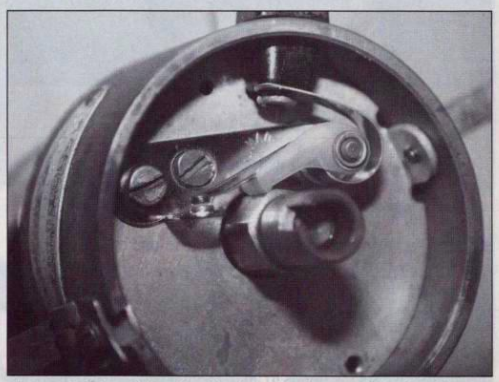
We gave everything a good cleaning as we took it apart. Lacquer thinner doesn't leave any residue behind; wear gloves.



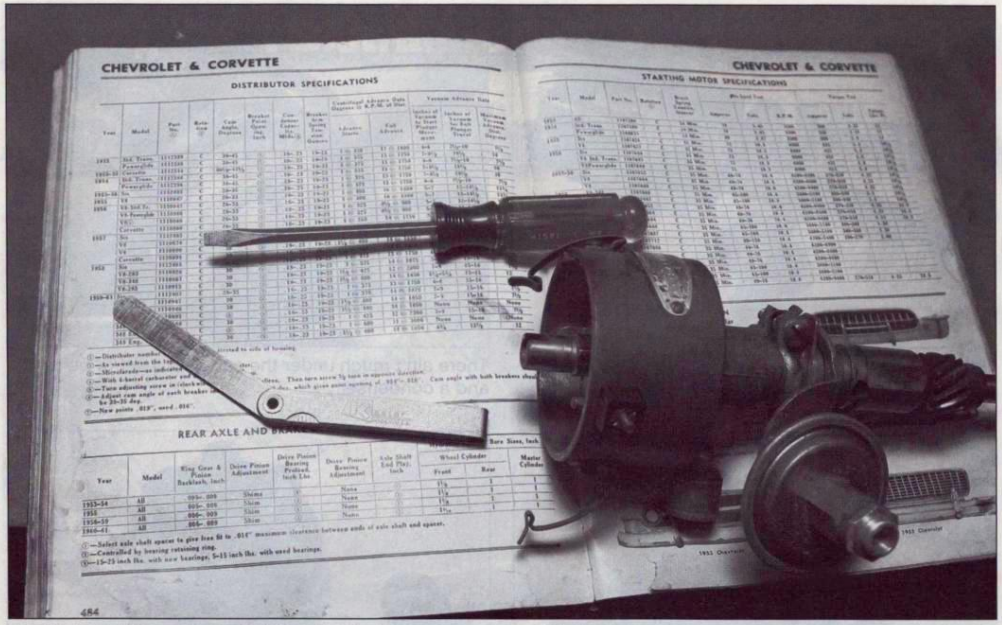
What's new? Cap, rotor, points set and condenser, total cost, $29 plus shipping.



This nut holds the points' contact strip and condenser lead to the bolt on the inside of the distributor.



The points' set is attached to the base plate by the screw on the left. The screw on the right is actually an eccentric that controls the point gap. The point gap is measured with the points' arm riding on a high spot on the cam.



Our Motor's Manual had all of the distributor specs: gap and timing.

Everything is in and adjusted.

New rotor and cap on, ready to be put in the motor. Remember to point the rotor in the same direction it was in when you removed the distributor.

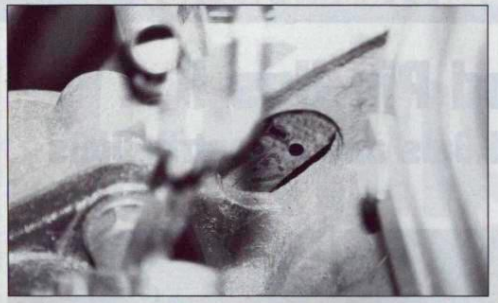
We then cleaned everything with lacquer thinner. We cleaned the distributor as we took it apart. We thought about painting the outside, but that would have added a day to the job. This was strictly a screwdriver and pliers job, done in one evening.

The only trick to it was loosening the screw that holds the points' contact strip and condenser wire to the terminal block on the side of the distributor housing. There is a small spanner nut under the terminal where the coil wire bolts to the outside of the distributor. We set the points to an .018-inch gap, because the spec called for .019 inches, but our feeler gage only had .018-inch or .020-inch blades. Keep your fingers clean when you are putting the points and condenser in, grease and electricity don't mix.

When all was finished with the distributor, we put it back in the motor and used a timing light to get it set right. This way it not only starts right up but it runs cooler. There was a little rough spot here, it seems that the timing light likes 12-volts and the pick-up has only 6-volts! Not to worry, the old lady's car loaned us its battery. Once the timing was on, the truck ran much better than the day before.

For further information, contact:
Chevs of the 40s
800-888-2438 • www.chevsoft40s.com

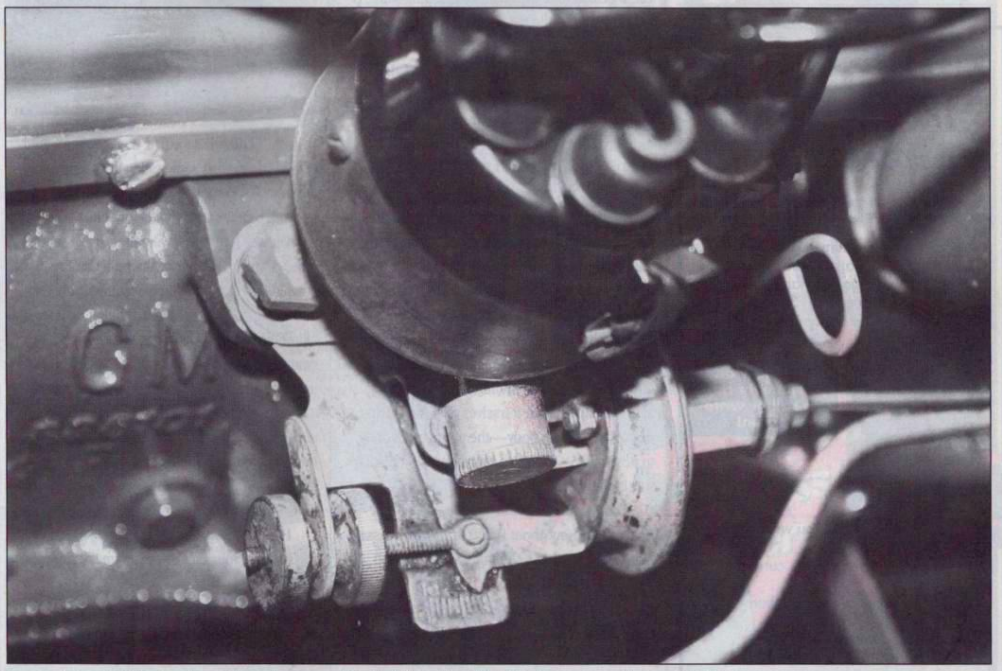
Bob Drake Reproductions
800-221-3673 • www.bobdrake.com



The pointer on the hole in the bell housing should line up with the dot on the flywheel when the timing is correct.

Above: The timing light plug wire connector goes to the number one cylinder spark plug wire. The battery connectors go the positive terminals on a 12-volt battery.

Left: You aim the timing light at the hole in the bell housing and pull the trigger; the blinking light will illuminate the pointer. You then rotate the distributor until the pointer and round dot line up.



Once the distributor is pointed correctly, tighten the distributor-mounting bolt. You're done.

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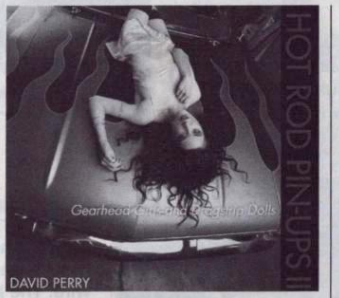
Hot Rod Pin-Ups II

Gearhead Gals and Dragstrip Dolls

By David Perry



Review by Doc Z

The litmus test for any red-blooded hot rodder is described on the jacket of this book, and if you don't qualify, please do not read any further. "Before proceeding with this book," the writing says, "we ask you to undertake the following experiment, gentle reader: a) pick up a dead cat; b) close your eyes; and c) grasping said critter firmly by the tail, swing it wildly about your garage or study."

The idea being, of course, that your dead pussy should have hit at least one pinup girl pinned ever so tightly to your wall and, if it didn't, you're obviously not the real thing.

Of course, we don't have any dead cats here at the office (our boss won't let us have any), but we still dared to move on and gently open this book to its first few pages, which, interestingly enough, are prefaced by some words of wisdom from Coop, one of the premier kar kulture artists of our time. There are other commentaries interspersed throughout the book by other important people, but as the gentle reader can imagine, we didn't even notice them until much later, long after we had satiated ourselves with the gloriousness of the female body—the pinup girl's body, to be precise—that is so marvelously on display within these pages.

Look at Amber! Dude, no, check out that Bethany! Or how about Riika? And that Vanessa, man! She's smokin'! All of them are smokin'! Yeah, man!

That's how it went, for hours. Pages were turned, paper torn, drool buckets filled up. By the time I got it back for this review, the book looked like it had been through hell. *Amateurs*, I thought, because I know that the true connoisseur would take his time, wear some satin gloves, and enjoy the view in pleasurable silence, almost meditating over the beauty spread out before him.

Oh well, after reviewing the parade several times, I finally had to bite the bullet and read the (thankfully) sparse writing accompanying the photography. You'll read such titillating lines like "Kimberley warms the metal flake seats while swatting glances." Or "Confucius say, 'Not wearing pants makes sailors dance.'" Come again?

Apparently I wasn't the only one who got so enchanted by what I was eyeing that otherwise important concepts like context or logic momentarily took a back seat... waaay in the back of that bus.

Hey, man, what really matters is the smile you have on your face after you finally close the book, right?

You can get your own copy of *Hot Rod Pin-Ups II* and smudge it up by going to www.motorbooks.com or simply look for it at a bookstore near you.

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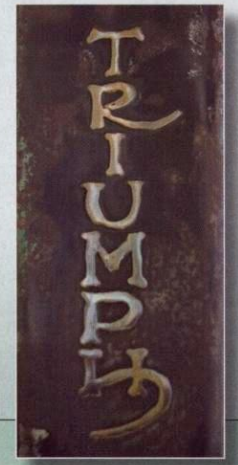
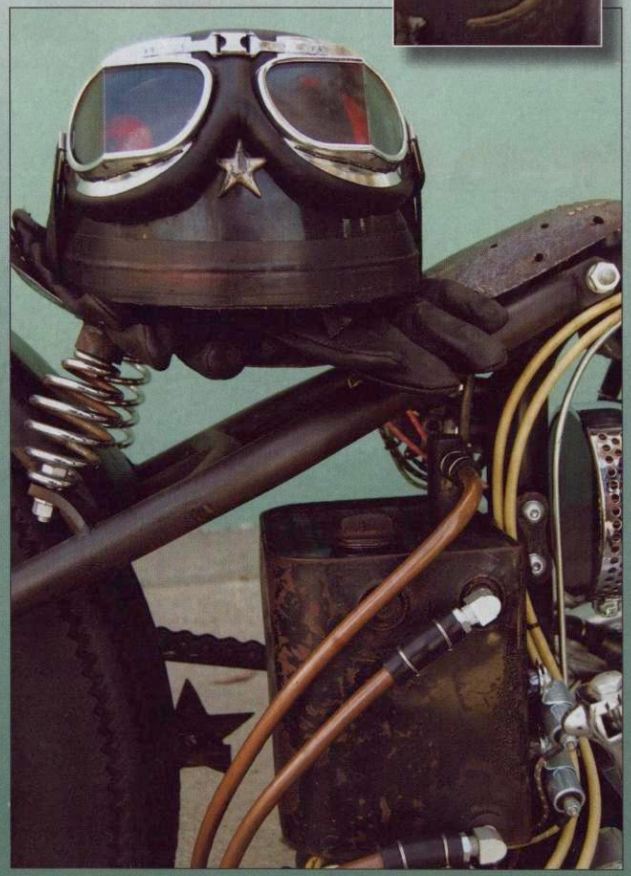
Zombie DeVille

A truly tasty Triumph



"Don't play with your food!" You might remember those words of admonition from your childhood days, and thanks to them, you've probably grown up taking food very seriously. But at the Garage Company in Los Angeles, they not only like to play with their food, they like to incorporate it into their builds–like with Gary Myrick's Triumph, for instance. Built completely from scratch, according to Yoshinobu Kosaka, the owner of Garage Company, this bike features a rather unusual approach to making it look older than it actually is. "We used soy sauce," he says.



Text: Doc Z • Photos: Kai Raecke

The aging process was, of course, a bit more complex than that but is well worth mentioning here. Most disturbingly, the "paintjob" contains no actual paint and instead was subjected to what most of us try to avoid: rust. Yoshi has to laugh. "After we built the frame and the rest of the sheet metal, we sanded it all down, poured water on it and let it all sit outside for a couple of weeks until rust started to develop," he says.

After cleaning off the rust, Yoshi and his crew repeatedly applied some Gun Blue, sanded everything down again and finally rubbed on some soy sauce for that special look. "Soy sauce is like an acid and gives the bike a somewhat darker finish," Yoshi explains. "Sometimes we also use Tabasco."

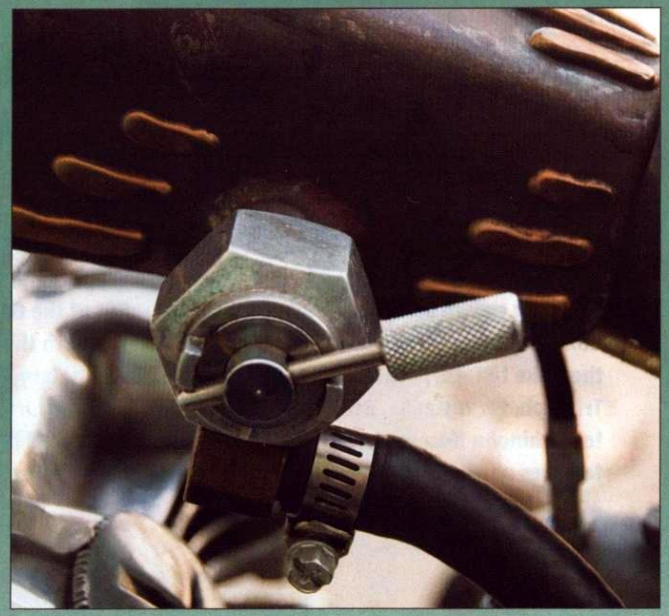
The final step was giving everything a high polish. "It's a lot of work," he adds.

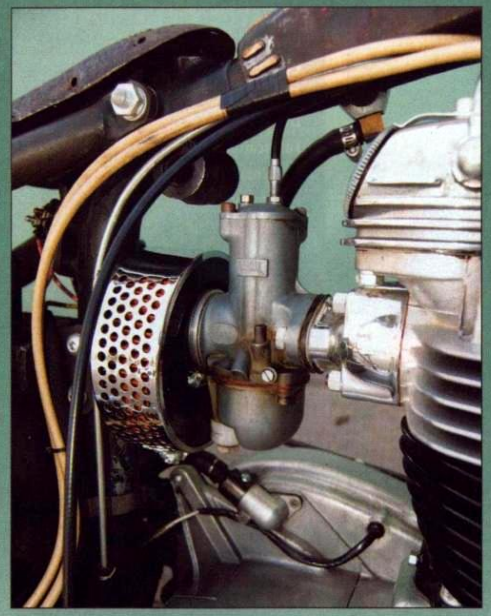
The bike was built with an old Triumph

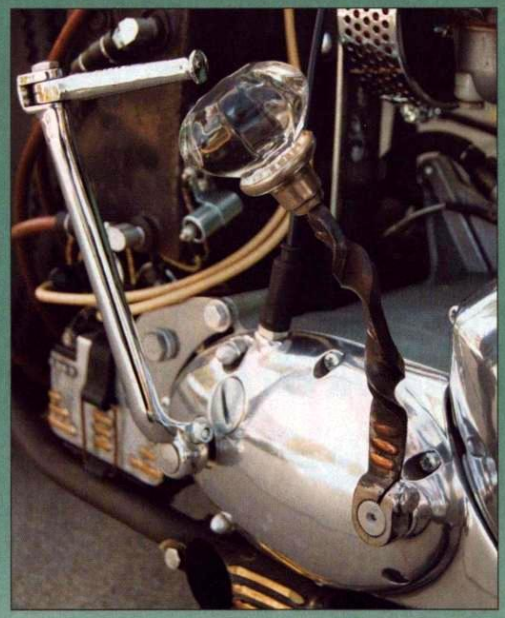
frame for the correct placement of the motor mounts, but only the cradle was used, with the rest being cut off and an entirely new frame fabricated around the core. This was done to please the bike's owner. "Gary said he wanted something very different, so I designed a 9.4-foot-long bike with custom gas tank and custom everything. Also, he doesn't like big motors, so we used a Triumph motor that we completely rebuilt," Yoshi says.

The front of the frame is attached to an old Springer that Yoshi had picked up from a junk yard. "I think it's an old Denver's, maybe late sixties," he adds, "but almost everything else on this bike is basically junk."

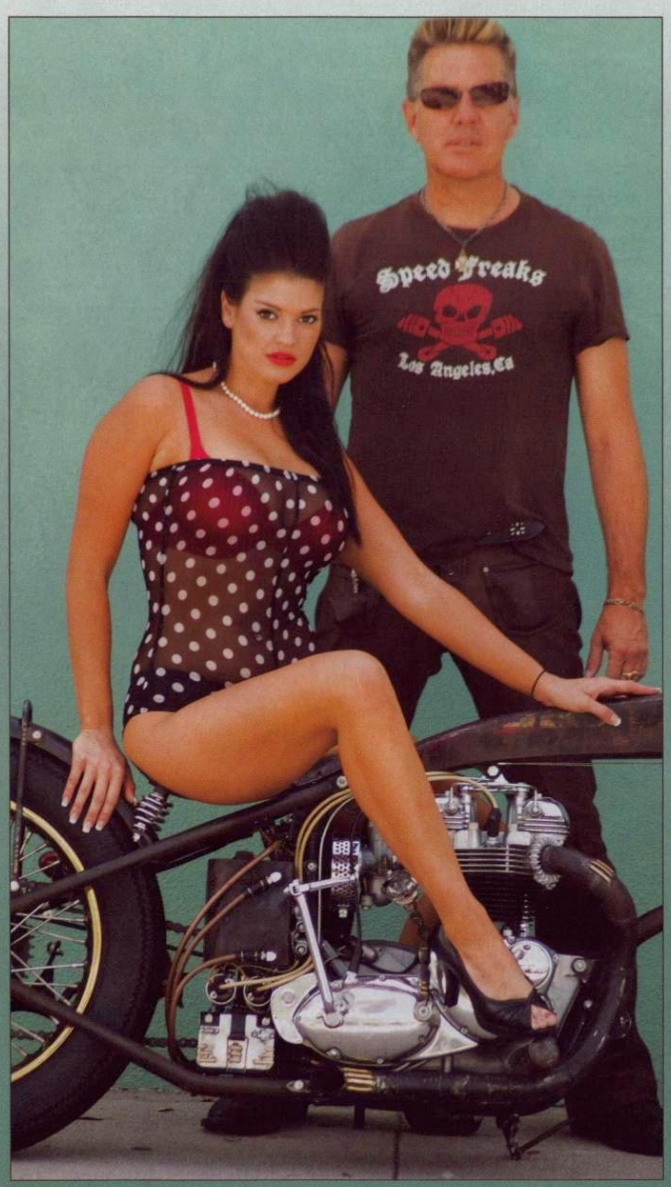
What he didn't build can pretty much be counted on one hand: besides the front end and the motor, it would include the wheels —a Triumph front and Harley rear—as well as the carb, oil tank, primary cover and handlebar grips. "We also made a lot of brass fittings," Yoshi says. "We let them get dirty for a few days, which is an easy way to give them that patina look."







RebelRodz



Owner: Gary Myrick
City: Studio City, California
GENERAL
Designer: Yoshi/Garage Company
Fabrication: Garage Co.
Year/make: 1970 Triumph TR6
Assembly: Garage Co.
Time: 2 months
ENGINE
Year: 1970 Triumph
Builder: Garage Co.
Displacement: stock
Ignition: point
Carb(s): AMAL
Pipes: Garage Co.
TRANSMISSION
Year/make: 1970 Triumph
Shifting: 4-speed/jockey
PAINTING
Painter: Garage Co.
Color/Type: just rust/natural
Special paint: soy
FRAME
Year: 1970/2008
Builder: Garage Co.
Type: long
Rake: 55 degrees
Stretch: too much
ACCESSORIES
Bars: Garage Co.
Fenders: flat
Headlight: old
Taillight: old
Front pegs: Garage Co./H-D
Electrics: Garage Co.
Gas tank: Garage Co.
Oil tank: old
Seat: Garage Co.
Mirrors: Garage Co.
Grips: old
FORKS
Type: old
Extension: 10 inches
Builder: Garage Co.
WHEELS
Front/rear
Size: 19 inches/18 inches
Wheel: spool/H-D
Brake: none/drum
Model: Cherie Carlson
Makeup/hair: M. Lovegrove/Sirens Salon

Gary calls the bike Zombie DeVille because "I've always liked Cadillacs like the DeVille, and I like words like DeLuxe and all those names because they remind me of the blues and rockabilly," he says. "And when I went to Yoshi, I told him I wanted a long, low bike, and that's exactly what I got."

Gary, a musician by trade, also likes horror movies and pretty women, it is why you see the beautiful Cherie straddle Gary's metal seat and lending the Triumph that extra something that no builder could ever infuse into his creation, no matter how hard he tries. Even if he does use food for paint.

For more on Gary and his music, check out www.garymyrick.com or www.myspace.com/garymyrick. For more on the Garage Company, go to www.garagecompany.com.

MUSICREVIEWS

Triple Whammy

Text & photos: Mörat

The Rev, Pussy, and some Suckers invade the HOB in LA

Photo: Stephanie Neal

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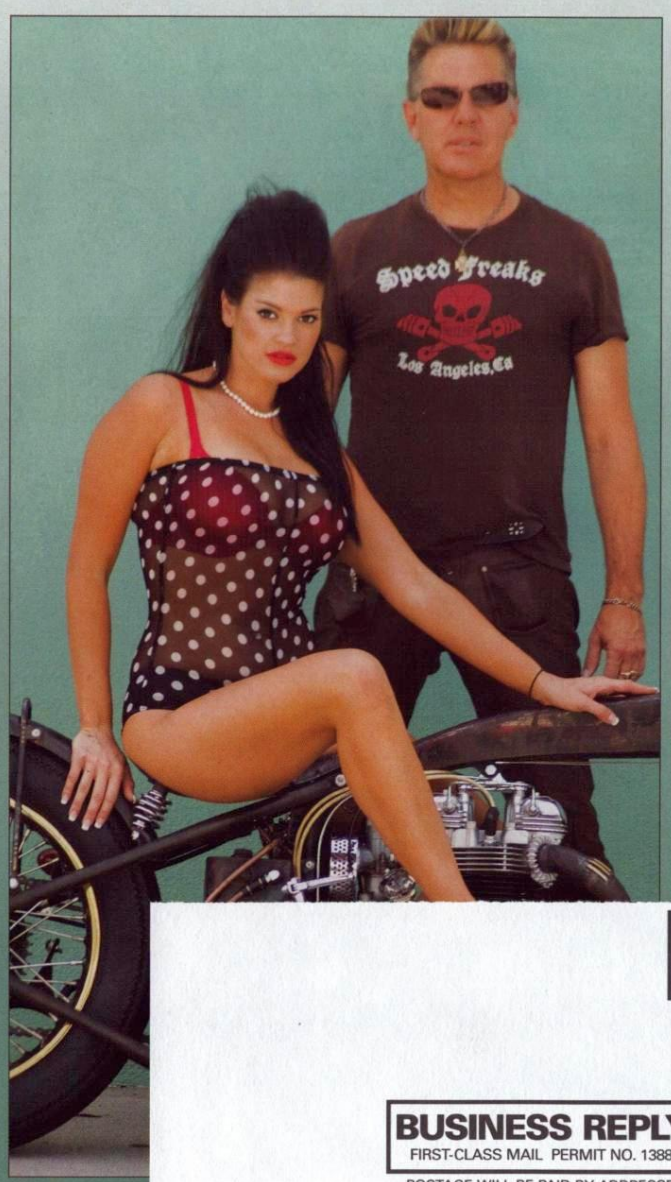

Owner: Gary Myrick
City: Studio City, California
GENERAL
Designer: Yoshi/Garage Company
Fabrication: Garage Co.
Year/make: 1970 Triumph TR6
Assembly: Garage Co.
Time: 2 months
ENGINE
Year: 1970 Triumph
Builder: Garage Co.
Displacement: stock
Ignition: point
Carb(s): AMAL
Pipes: Garage Co.
TRANSMISSION
Year/make: 1970 Triumph
Shifting: 4-speed/jockey
PAINTING
Painter: Garage Co.
Color/Type: just rust/natural
Special paint: soy
FRAME
Year: 1970/2008
Builder: Garage Co.
Type: long
Rake: 55 degrees
Stretch: too much
ACCESSORIES
Bars: Garage Co.
Fenders: flat
Headlight: old
Taillight: old

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MUSICREVIEWS

Triple Whammy

Text & photos: Mörat

The Rev, Pussy, and some Suckers invade the HOB in LA

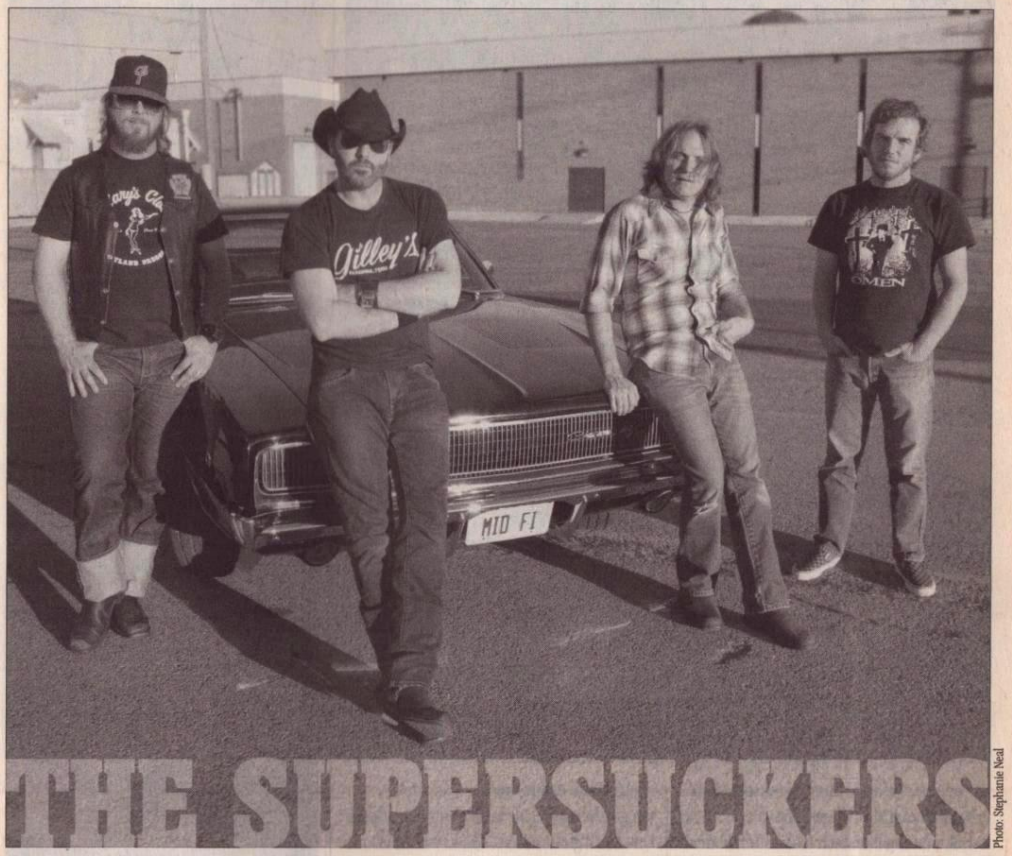
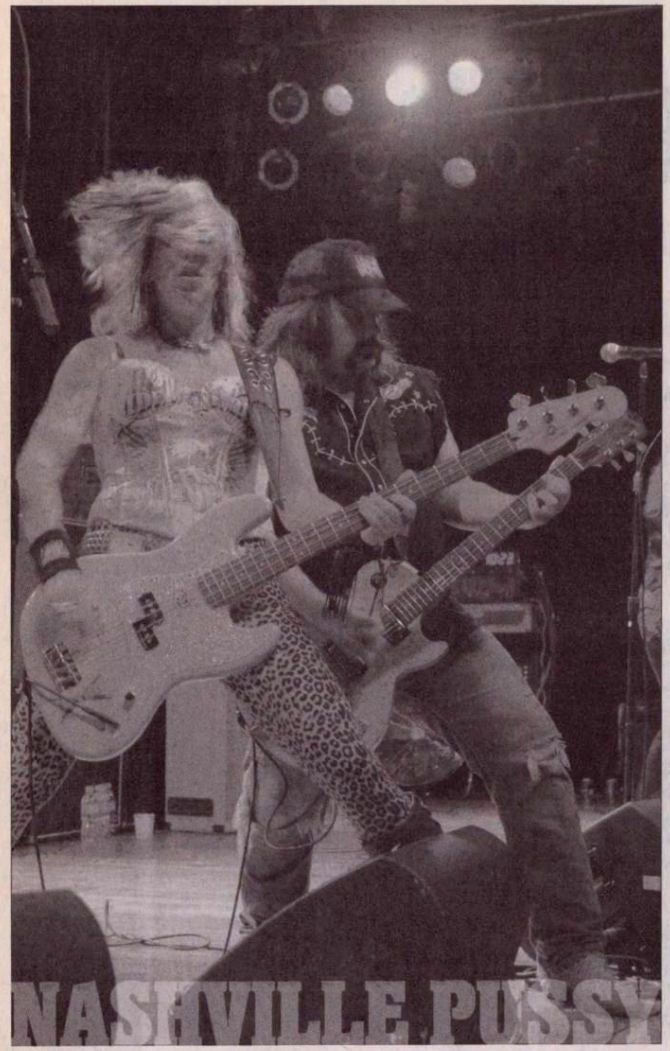
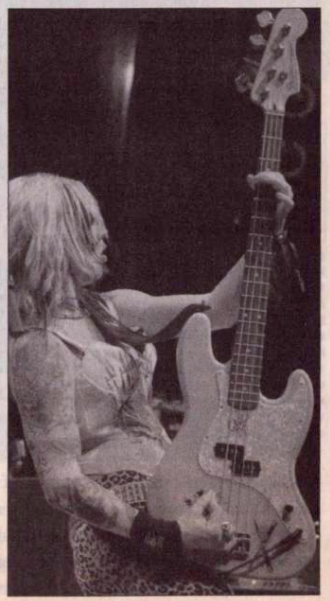


Photo: Stephanie Neal

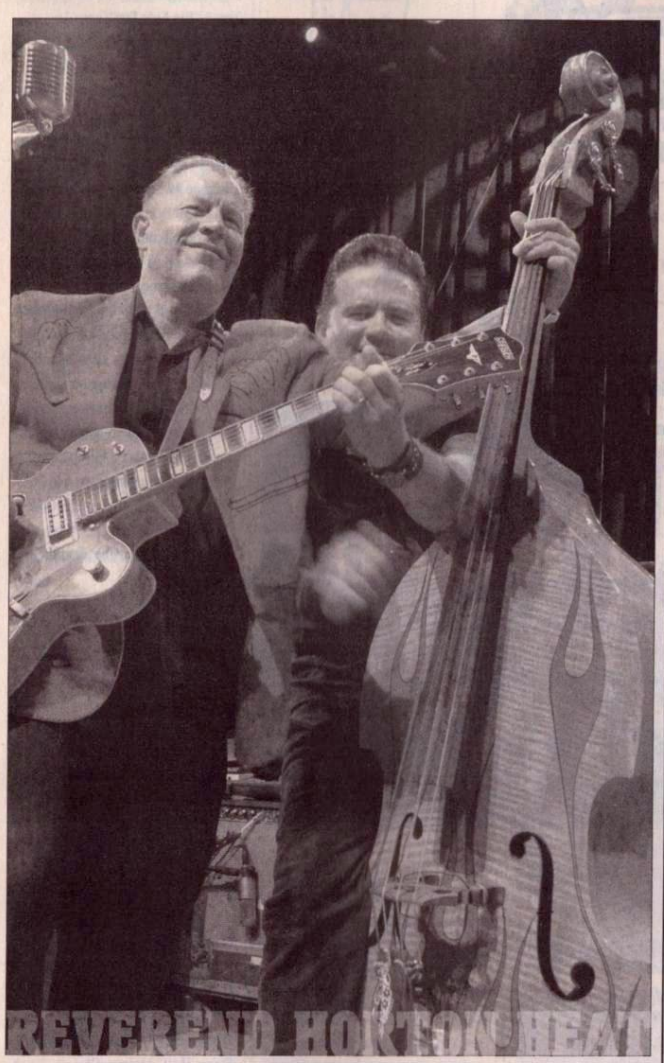
Although they're celebrating 20 years as one of the world's finest bands, it's difficult not to share the Supersuckers frustration at never having achieved their full potential, somehow always grasping for the next rung on the ladder while they're "watching shit bands get rich." And while they're rarely less than superb this frustration occasionally manifests in sets full of songs like "Roadworn And Weary" and the vague sense that they'd really rather not be doing this anymore. But not tonight! Perhaps revitalized by sharing the stage with their old touring buddies, the Supersuckers are firing on all four cylinders, blasting through "Bad Bad Bad" and "Born With A Tail." A class act!

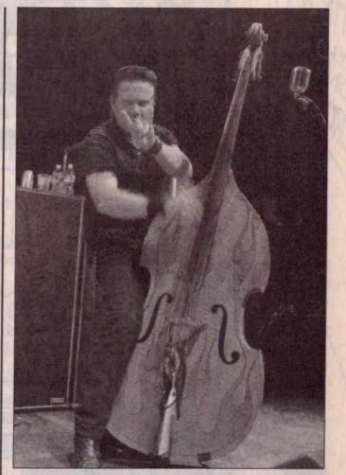




NASHVILLE PUSSY

By contrast, Nashville Pussy never seem to grow tired of a life of beer n' boobies n' rock n' roll, wearing it on their sleeves (and often on stained shirts) and eternally "High As Hell." Sure, front man Blaine Cartwright is a vastly underrated lyricist and that Grammy nomination is a distant memory, but they really don't seem to care so long as they're rockin'. And damn, are they ever rockin' tonight, bulldozing through "Come On, Come On" and a glorious new ode to Willie Nelson called "I'm So High I Look Down To See The Sky." There's even a drunken marriage proposal on stage ensuring that at least two fans will never forget a night that's destined to be blurred by hangovers the size of Texas.





REVEREND HORTON HEAT

Reverend Horton Heat have a more, shall we say, mature approach to both their sound and their show, a fine malt whiskey to Nashville Pussy's truckload of PBR, but no less intoxicating. As ever, they kick off with "Big Sky" and "Baddest Of The Bad" back to back, the Reverend himself dapper as ever, all sharp suits and slick hair, perhaps as near as rockabilly will get to its own Frank Sinatra. Admittedly they could do with some new songs, it being four years since the last album, but then that could mean dropping some of the older classics like "Wiggle Stick," "400 Bucks" and the rampaging sing-a-long "Jimbo Song" (dedicated to stand-up bassist Jimbo Wallace), so be careful what you wish for. Certainly there are no complaints from this raucous crowd about a set list that reads like a "best of' and a show so polished you could bolt it to a lowrider and call it chrome.

It's a rare night indeed that you'll see three such phenomenal bands in the same city, let alone on the same bill, and, yeah, of course, they all deserve more recognition, but maybe it's the lack of real mainstream success that has somehow kept them special, kept them ours. Tonight the Reverend and his inebriated flock are all about having the kind of wild ol' time that is reserved for the faithful.

Amen to that!

Gone kruizin'

This is just a small gaggle of gatherings and get-togethers from all over the known world. We'd like to include yours, or one you might have heard of, so if you have the necessary goods–info, that is–to pass on, let's have it! We'll be happy to publish it on these very pages, so all your friends and enemies (why not?) will know about it. Make sure you've got your dope straight, though, and–pleeeze!–send it to us 60 to 90 days in advance. Yeah, we're a bit slow here.

Send it to: RebelRodz, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3025. Or just e-mail it to: rebelrodz@paisanopub.com. You'll be a better person for it.

2008

October 2 & 3
7th Lone Star Nationals
Fort Worth, TX
Texas Motor Speedway.
Rods, customs, classics, muscle cars & trucks through '72.
www.autorama.com

October 2 & 3
10th Nostalgia Fuel & Gas Championships
Sonoma, CA
Sears Point Raceway.
Race cars, rods & customs through '72. Drags & Show'n Shine.
For more info, go to www.autorama.com

October 3-5
Muscle Car Reunion & Nostalgia Drags
Kansas City International Raceway, 8201 S. Noland Road, Kansas City, MO
8:00 a.m., both days
Open to ALL cars and trucks 1974 or earlier.
Featuring "Big Daddy" Don Garlits headling the Legends of Speed Reunion Pits with Swamp Rat; he'll be signing autographs.
Waves of classic muscle cars, a huge round of Nostalgia drag cars battling for thousands of dollars in racing payouts and a world title, super car show, big swap meet, and manufacturers' midway make the Musclecar Reunion and Nostalgia Drags one of the heavy-hitter events right out of the gate. The event's website, www.musclecarreunion.com, has directions, show, and hotel info. Tel.: 573-644-3273

October 10
Boonesborough Boogie Nationals 2008
Fort Boonesborough State Park
Richmond, KY
Noon Friday till 3:00 p.m. Sunday
Top 155; 1980 & up 25; 1979 & down 100; Top 10 Motorcycles; Top 5 Tractors; Top 5 Special Interest (ages 15 and below); Top 5 "Big Kids Toy"(ages 16 and above); Top 5 Rat Rods; 3 Club Participation Awards; 3 Lady Rodder Awards; 1 Memorial Award; Presidents Choice Award (2 Jackets + award); Long Distance Award ($50.00 + award); Shortest Distance Award ($1.00 + award); Ronald McDonald's Choice Award. Registration after this date is $20 and gets a dash plaque. Any pre-registration received before June 30, 2008 will be in the running for a $200 cash drawing on Sunday; five $100 cash drawings all weekend; one $500 cash drawing on Sunday will go to one lucky pre-registered vehicle; drive thru judging; poker run on Friday with $250 in cash prizes. Must be present to win and have vehicle on showgrounds for all cash drawings. www.southernknightsofcentralkentucky.com

October 15
Relics & Rods 31st Annual Run To The Sun
Lake Havasu City, AZ
5 days of fun and hot rods in beautiful Lake Havasu City! Runs from Oct. 15 - 19. Open to 1972 and older! Wed: Kick Off Party. Thurs: Uptown Cruise; Fri: Concert with The Tornadoes; Fri & Sat: Show & Shine; Sat p.m. Awards; Sun: parade down. 928-855-0933

October 19
Custom Car & Hot Rod Gathering
Presented by Gene Winfield & Larry Watson at Winfield's shop – 8201 Sierra Hwy., Mojave, CA
Sponsored by the Rod Tossers Car Club, supported by the Pinstripers and Custom Painters Alumni.
Hosted by JR Conway, Dick Jackson & Dave Whittle, with lots of invited friends like George Barris, Dean Jeffries, Bill Hines and many more.
www.rodtossers.com

October 22, 23 & 24
6th Southeastern Nationals
Charlotte, NC
Charlotte Motor Speedway.
Rods, customs, classics & muscle cars through '72. More than 3,000 custom and modified cars will be at Lowe's Motor Speedway for the 15th annual Goodguys Southeastern Nationals. Street rods, customs, street machines and muscle cars displayed at the event span the spectrum of automotive history, ranging from Model-A Fords stuffed with V-8 power to the radical Dodges and Chevrolets that ruled the streets during the 1960s.
Adults $17; kids (7-12) $6; under 6 free; parking $5.
704-455-3200

October 25
The Doll Hut BBQ & Car Show
107 S. Adams St., Anaheim CA.
www.myspace.com/dollhutbooking

October 25
Crusin' Autumn Car & Truck Show
Wolfe City, TX
Northeast Texas' Largest One-Day Show Almost 300 entries last year. Knowledgeable, independent judges.
150 Big Trophies
11 Best of Show Awards; 6-foot trophies; 45 classes
Free T-Shirts, dash plaques & goodie bags to first 300 entries.
Large, paved parking area (trailer parking available). Hot food on site.
New classes for Frequent Drivers, Daily Drivers, and Motorcycles!
www.cruisinautumncarshow.com

October 26
Roam'n Relics Car Show
29th annual charity car show
Old town Moorpark, CA
7:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Open to all pre-'73 cars, dash plaques, posters, food, vendors, event T-shirts, model car contest (enter your model at the event).
24-hour hotline: 805-583-2965
Vendor Information:
Sherry @ 661-297-4318
Pre-registration $30 until Oct. 17. Day of Show $35.
Limited to 500 cars
805-583-2965
www.roamnrelics.com

November 8 & 9
19th Autumn Get-Together
Pleasanton, CA
Alameda County Fairgrounds. From 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Car show featuring more than 3,000 rods, customs & classics of all years, plus a swap meet, car corral, vendors, live music and more family fun!;
$13 adult, $6 for ages 7-12. Details: 925- 838-9876; directions: 925-426-7559.

November 14
11th Southwest Nationals
WestWorld of Scottsdale, Scottsdale, AZ
Car show featuring more than 2,500 rods, customs & classics through 1972 vintage, plus a swap meet, car corral, vendors and more family fun!
Adults $17, kids $6
(925) 838-9876
www.good-guys.com

November 27
49th Annual O'Reilly Auto Parts Autorama
Houston, TX
At the George R. Brown Convention Center, noon to 9:00 p.m.
www.autorama.com

December 4
52nd Annual GSTA Rod & Custom Spectacular
Minnesota State Fair coliseum
See more than 100 of the area's finest hot rods, customs, street machines & motorcycles on display at Minnesota's Longest Running Motorized Extravaganza.
www.gstarod-custom.com

December 13
Mooneyes X'mas Party
Irwindale Speedway, Irwindale, CA
Lots of vendors, cars and good times. Pinup girl contest, races, and much, much more. Come early, leave late. And bring your rockability.
www.mooneyesusa.com

2009

January 23
39th Annual O'Reilly Auto Parts World of Wheels
New Orleans's most awesome custom hot rod show at the Louisiana Superdome
3:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
www.worldofwheels.com

January 23 – 25
Grand National Roadster Show
Pomona, CA
It's the 60th anniversary for the oldest running indoor hot rod show, and the Fairplex in Pomona is bound to be one helluva party site. The show is held in several buildings and areas of the grounds and roars into town with the finest roadsters in the county contending for the coveted America's most beautiful roadster award.
Friday: noon - 9:00 p.m.
Saturday: 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Sunday: 10:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.
Parking is at Blue Gate 9 on White Ave., preferred parking at Sheraton Suites Fairplex.
www.hotrodshow.com

March 6 – 8
57th Annual Detroit Autorama
Cobo Center in Detroit, MI
America's Greatest Hot Rod Show
586-771-7110

June 19 – 21
Pismo Beach Classic
Pismo Beach, CA
A 3- Day Classic Car & Street Rod event. Pier-side & downtown Pismo Beach, Central California's finest seaside classic & street rod car show. Presented for now its 24th year. Featured are a Car Show & Shine, "Cruise Night," Live Entertainment, "The Hot Rod Bar and Grill" located pier-side venue for the outstanding live entertainment, live charity auction benefits veterans, great food and drink, BBQ, Poker Run, Gala. No admission charge for spectators to the show.
www.thepismobeacclassic.com

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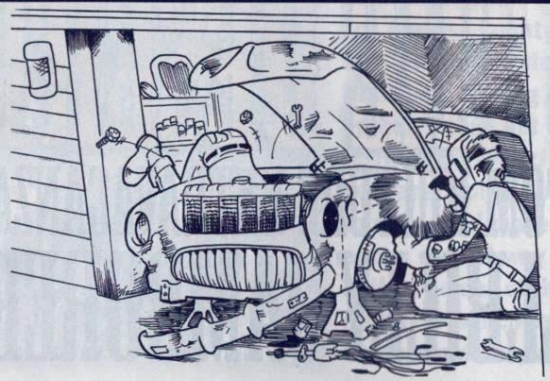


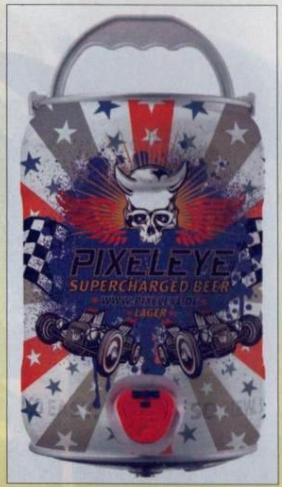
GOODSNGEAR

This is our New Product page. On it, you will find... new products! (Whodathunk?) If you have any new product you would like us to show to the rodding world on your behalf, feel free to send us either a sample of the product or an image (300 dpi or photo) of it, along with some nice words explaining just what the heck we're looking at. For snail mail, our address is RebelRodz Magazine, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376; for e-mail, click us at rebelrodz@paisanopub.com.

Kustom Hot Rod Beer

Who knew you could kustomize your beer? Pixeleye, that's who. Yes, the wily hot rod photographer and entrepreneur from Germany decided to combine two of his biggest passions and present them to the hot rodding world: Pixeleye's Supercharged Beer.

He has taken his terrific idea to the Huber Packaging Group, the world's largest maker of 5-liter beer kegs and, together, they've come out with this, the world's first 5-liter (1.35 US Gal.) hot rod party keg designed by Pixeleye himself and available in limited designs, of course.



Conveniently incorporated in Pixeleye's hot rod beer is Huber's brand-new easyKEG IPS (Integrated Pressure System) with CO2 "freshness" cartridge, which ensures even quality and even pressure from the very first draught until the very last one. Thanks to the cartridge, the beer (Bischofshof) inside the keg will remain fresh for up to 3 weeks, should you not want to empty the keg—which, frankly, seems unimaginable.

There are three different keg designs available, all created by Pixeleye, of course, and all kept within the ever-popular hot rod and rock 'n' roll style, making them not only a lot of fun to drink from, but also to collect afterwards.

To order your very own hot rod keg, or to get more information about all this liquid goodness, go to www.hotrodbeer.de.

LED Clock and Electronic Compass

Marlin Berg of Marlin Corporation again has married handsome looks with outstanding function in two new summer offerings.

Mating a traditional black analog clock face with a bright red push button LED display makes Marlin's newest clock easy to read at night and during the day. This newest clock is a clean, simple solution to the annoying problem of not being able to see an analog face at night or an LED face during the day. This new LED item will fit all Marlin's current and past mounts, so getting one to fit or upgrading your older mount is fast and easy (special upgrade pricing available).

The second product being released is an electronic compass, a valuable tool to any rider on remote backcountry roads or in the big city, providing critical information about your direction in a clean, stylish, compact design. Incorporating features such as self-calibrating technology, push button backlighting for easy night time viewing and a clean, easy to read face, it's the right choice for your ride. It is designed to bolt easily and securely to most of Marlin's mounts, giving you many great mounting options.

For more info, go to www.marlinsclocks.com.

Eat that oil!

The new and eco-friendly Oil Eater is a powerful cleaner/degreaser that quickly and easily cleans off grease, oil and other crud that gets on engines, tools, concrete, asphalt and walls.
It also removes stains from floor mats and upholstery.
This unique non-flammable cleaner is formulated to eliminate the need for solvent or acid-based cleaners.
It penetrates rapidly, rinses off easily and leaves no residue.
It is water-based, fresh-scented, biodegradable and contains no acids, abrasives or petroleum solvents and will not harm the skin.
Oil Eater is available in a 32-oz. spray bottle, 1-gallon and 5-gallon containers at leading auto parts retailers.
For information, visit www.oileater.com or call 800-528-0334.

PARTY IN THE DESERT

THE 9TH ANNUAL KUSTOM KULTURE EXTRAVAGANZA & ROCK-A-HILLBILLY JAMBOREE

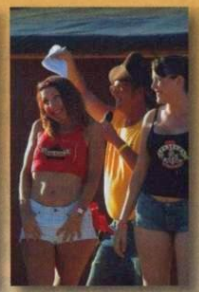
After three years at the Los Angeles County Raceway, Jeff "Moldy Marvin" Hillinger's shindig had the asphalt pulled out from under it. The track was closed last year and Moldy's party had to move, and move it did: onto a dirt lot way the heck in the boonies of the southern Mojave Desert. Pearblossom, California, to be exact.

Text by Doc Z
Photos by Kai Raecke

It's a place where rattlesnakes and scorpions might feel at home, but as the day wore on under the sweltering sun, two-legged desert denizens dragged their sweating bodies along Highway 138 to the Outpost, a sort of faux Western town with a "saloon" among its ramshackle buildings, a bunch of hay bales strewn about and a "camping place" behind the wooden "city walls."

"I knew that with us moving again and the high gas prices, there wouldn't be anywhere near as many people coming out here as we had at the race track," Marvin said. "So, no, there are no races and not a lot of vendors here this year."

But Marvin made up for it by supplying non-stop entertainment

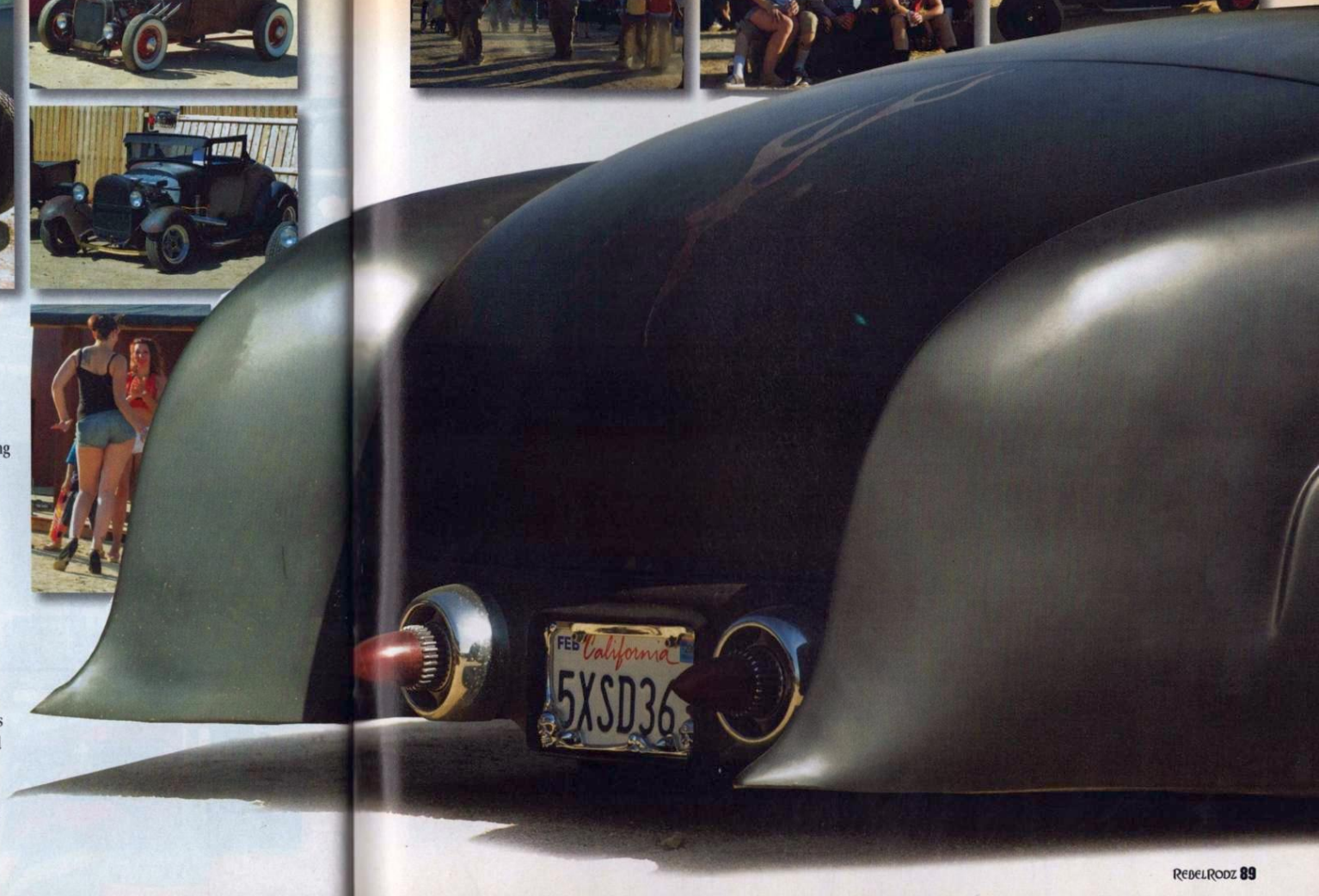


throughout the afternoon and evening. Starting out the shindig was Powerserge featuring the extremely long-legged Mia on vocals, followed by The Resistors, Rocksville, The Cash Prophets, and Danny Dean & The Homewreckers, before The Craze closed down the show and made whoever was left scramble for their sleeping bags.

Tossed in-between the bands were games for young and old, like the potato sack race, a Daisy Duke pinup contest, and even a tattoo contest, all which culminated in a flame throwing contest once it was dark. There was also an auction of all kinds of hot-rod-related art with the profits going to 17-year-old Garrett Robinson and his family in Acton, California. "Last year, Garrett had an unfortunate accident while riding his dirt bike which left him as a paraplegic," Marvin explained, "Garrett trains four times a week at a C.O.R.E. facility in Northridge, California, which is a good 120 mile round trip that he has to make each day; the rising gas prices aren't making it any easier, so anything that we can do to help as a group will be much appreciated by Garrett and his family."

But no matter how much fun it was sitting on hay and breathing in the swirling dust, the highlight, as it is at every one of Marvin's events, was the car show, and even here, the lot was filled with vehicles of all sorts and ages, from a very cool and ratty-looking '28 Ford "custom" to a Jailhouse trike and everything the Defenders car club, who showed up in considerable numbers, had to offer.

Another reason Marvin decided to keep it small was because he also intended to make two shows out of one, with the second one slated to happen this fall as the Rat Fink Party we all know and love. For more info about the party and whatever else Moldy Marvin has up his sleeve, check out www.moldyshows.com or www.ratfink.org.



Homegrown Rodz

So you think the rest of the word oughta see your ride, too? Here's your chance to show whatcha got, and if we like what we see, we'll publish it on these pages. So, get outta bed, shoot your car, and send us a pic of it, either to *RebelRodz* Magazine, P.O. Box 3025, Agoura Hills, CA 91376; or via e-mail to rebelrodz@paisanopub.com.

Lorrie Gutierrez
Portland, Oregon
1930 Chrysler Sedan
photos: owner

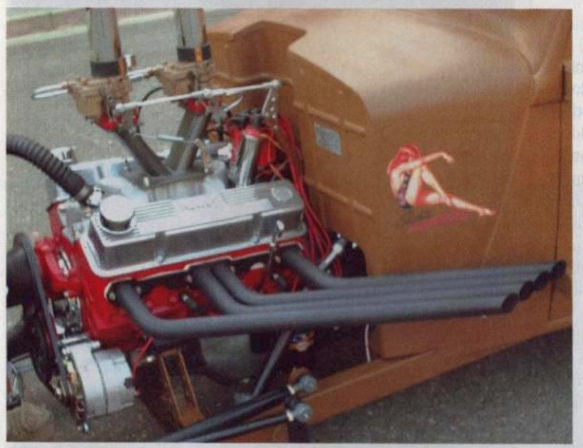
Lorrie says he was a Ford technician for 21 years, so you could say he brings a lot of experience with him. That experience shows with this Chrysler sedan that he built. "I did everything myself on this car," he says, "except I didn't cut the glass for the windshield."

That means Lorrie put a lot of time into metal fabrication and building things like the intake manifold that's hooked up to the '55 Red Ram hemi engine, which in turn is breathing out through a 3-inch exhaust system. Other signature items are the two shifters, one of which functions as a kick-down, according to Lorrie, or the engine restraints that he's fashioned out of a motorcycle chain, or the four-links, which are made from a timing chain. "The only reason I didn't do everything on this car is because the guy who cuts my windshield won't show me how to do it," says Lorrie, chuckling. "He knows that if he shows me once, I'll do them myself from then on."

The Chrysler's front axle is from a '57 Ford truck, while the rear end is a 9-inch Ford. The gas tank is actually a combination of two air tanks "like the ones you can buy at the store" that Lorrie welded together.

Lorrie has a shop called Fords R Us where he builds rat rods for customers. "I'm currently working on a '35 Dodge 5-window coupe," he says, "and it's going to be real sick."

We can hardly wait to get a peek, but it's probably going to be a while. Until then, however, you can go to Lorrie's website and admire some of the other marvels he's created. Check out www.fordsrus1.com.



Mark Fenner
Cloverdale, California
1937 Dodge
Photos: owner

"It's nice to see people getting away for the high dollar cars and doing their own work," is how Mark explains the phenomenon of the rat rod. And we have to agree, obviously, otherwise we wouldn't have a magazine about it. Let's face it, most people can't spend a quarter million bucks on a car.

Anyway, Marks sent us these pictures of his truck, his latest rod, with the hope that we would like them enough to publish them. "I didn't know where to send them," he says. "I hope this is right."

You're looking at a 1937 Dodge, which is 99.9% owner-built, according to the, uh, owner. "I had a friend sew the seat, but I sewed the door and kick panels," Mark adds. And there are plenty of handmade parts, like the bed, the intake manifold, the zoomies, the panels below the bed, even the frame with lots of cool details. The same goes for the shifter and windshield crank. "I hope you like the rod and have a place in your mag," says Mark at the end of his missive.

Well, Mark, I don't know, but it sure looks like we do.

Homegrown Rodz

Greg Brummer
Pelican Rapids, Minnesota
1946 Dodge pick-up
photos: owner

Greg says he found an old '46 Dodge pick-up truck in a horse pasture and, after a 700-hour hell ride, turned it into a custom made 3-window Coupe. She now sits on a lowered Chevy pick-up frame with 5-inch drop front tubular control arms, rear ladder bars, and coil over spring suspension. The rear 12-bolt sports a 373 posi converted into a turbo 350 by way of a shift kit and a 2500 stahl-converter, pushed by a 400 horse power 350 engine.

The body has been chopped 4 inches and has a completely customized rear end with functional trunk. The grille shell and gas tank were both custom fabricated at MGK Welding of Pelican Rapids. The top was chopped and smoothed, and the body was polished with satin black paint.

For added glamour, he called his "paintress," Sarah D., to do some custom flames. "I wanted them to be the only ones of their kind and gave her free artistic reign," he says. She perfectly blended blues, yellows, silver, black, and green to create a flame design that no one could reconstruct."

Once the car was ready to drive, Greg took her to the track where she ran a quarter mile in 13 seconds while hardly using 3rd gear. "Looking back, the hardest part of building this car was designing the trunk hinges," he says. "And the best part of designing this car is the looks and the thumbs-up I get from all the 5- to 105-year-olds."

Besides this beauty, Greg also owns a priceless '69 Chevelle, a monster truck, and "Ol' Pappy," his very first rat rod. "I would like to give a special thanks to all the friends and family who helped and supported me during the undertaking of the High Roller Project," he wistfully adds.

Richard Mullinnex
Zanesville, Ohio
1930 Model A
Photos: owner

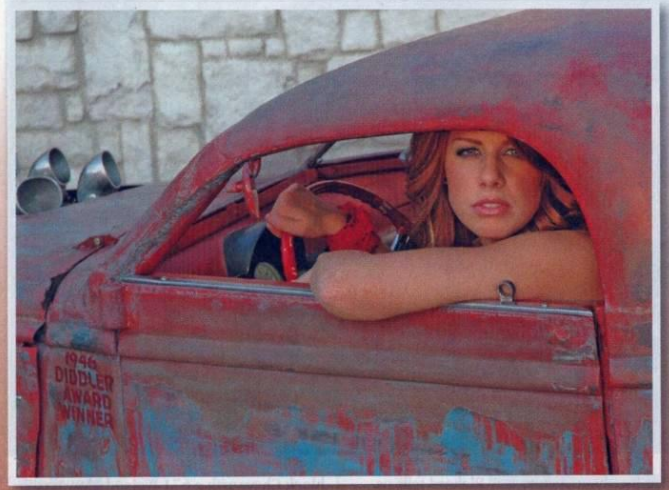
The family that rods together, stays together. So they say, whoever "they" are. But in this case, it seems to hold true, as Richard tells us. "This is my 1930 Model A coupe my daughter, Emily, and I have been working on for about eight years" Richard tells us. "I hope the pic is not to big."

No worries, mate, pictures can never be too big for us, just like the fun to be had with these kinds of vehicles can never be too big. "We have done everything to make it driveable," Richard adds, "and now we are enjoying it."

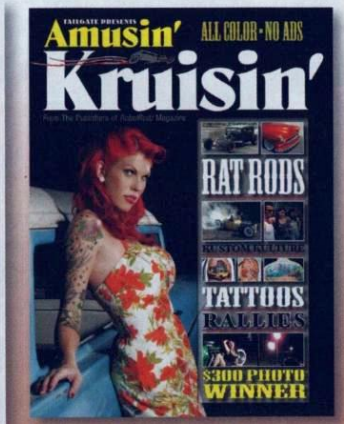
Richard and Emily's car has a small block Chevy with a 671 Weiand blower with a 3-speed auto transmission, enabling them to cruise it to most of the shows around their area, or to go to restaurants and just hang out," as Richard puts it. And an even better part? "The top is made with airplane material so it can be lifted off," Richard says.

What a way to fly!

UPDaRoad



Atlanta is a happenin' town at any time of the year, but never more so than when it's being invaded by a bunch of Southern greasers in their rebel rods, be they rat or otherwise. We'll also get you revvin' with a cool event or two in the New York area and a very close look at the latest edition of the Primer Nationals, the biggest ever! Plus, you'll get to take a good gander at a very sweet '46 Chevy disguised as a Terraplane . . ., or is it the other way 'round? We're not too sure, but it looks damn good, just like the sweet thing posing with it. Of course, she's not the only one struttin' her stuff in this issue: it's chock full with beauties, female and automotive, and nary a page will be turned that won't get you stoked, like the second part of our Hot Rod Yesteryears feature. All of it will be topped of with the contributions from you, our readers, in the form of letters, photos, and homegrown rods, as well as a couple of tech tips, some art and whatever else you want to see. Expect our next issue to honk at you on December 16, 2008.



Amusin' Kruisin'

In this very first issue of *Amusin' Kruisin'*, you'll see hundreds of our readers' photos depicting the colorful culture that surrounds today's hot rod and custom car culifestyle: pinup gals, rods, junkyard scenes, old-school trucks, customs, bobbers, burnouts, riding shots, tattoos, model cars, barn finds, vintage photos, parties and more. Each issue also offers a car feature, a motorcycle feature and several car and bike readers' rides that were hand-picked from all the photos we have received.

The party begins at a newsstand near you on November 11.

Tattoo

The next issue of *Tattoo* is a special 10th Anniversary edition saluting *Tattoo's* legendary "Dream Team" that includes more than 160 artists. It will also feature an exclusive interview with *LA Ink* star, Cory Miller, who talks about his personal skin art collection.

On sale October 14

Flash

There are so many tattoo artists out there whose work you've probably never seen. We are showcasing three of them in the latest issue, including No Hope No Fear's James Kern. Our "theme" halls will display fanciful fairies, colorful chests, and sinuous snakes.

On sale now!

Savage

In the next issue of *Savage*, you'll find features on Big Brain tattoo, The Prague Tattoo Expo, Inkfusion Tattoos, the Comics Expo, and Mr. Scary, as well as great profiles of the tattooed clan.

On sale now!

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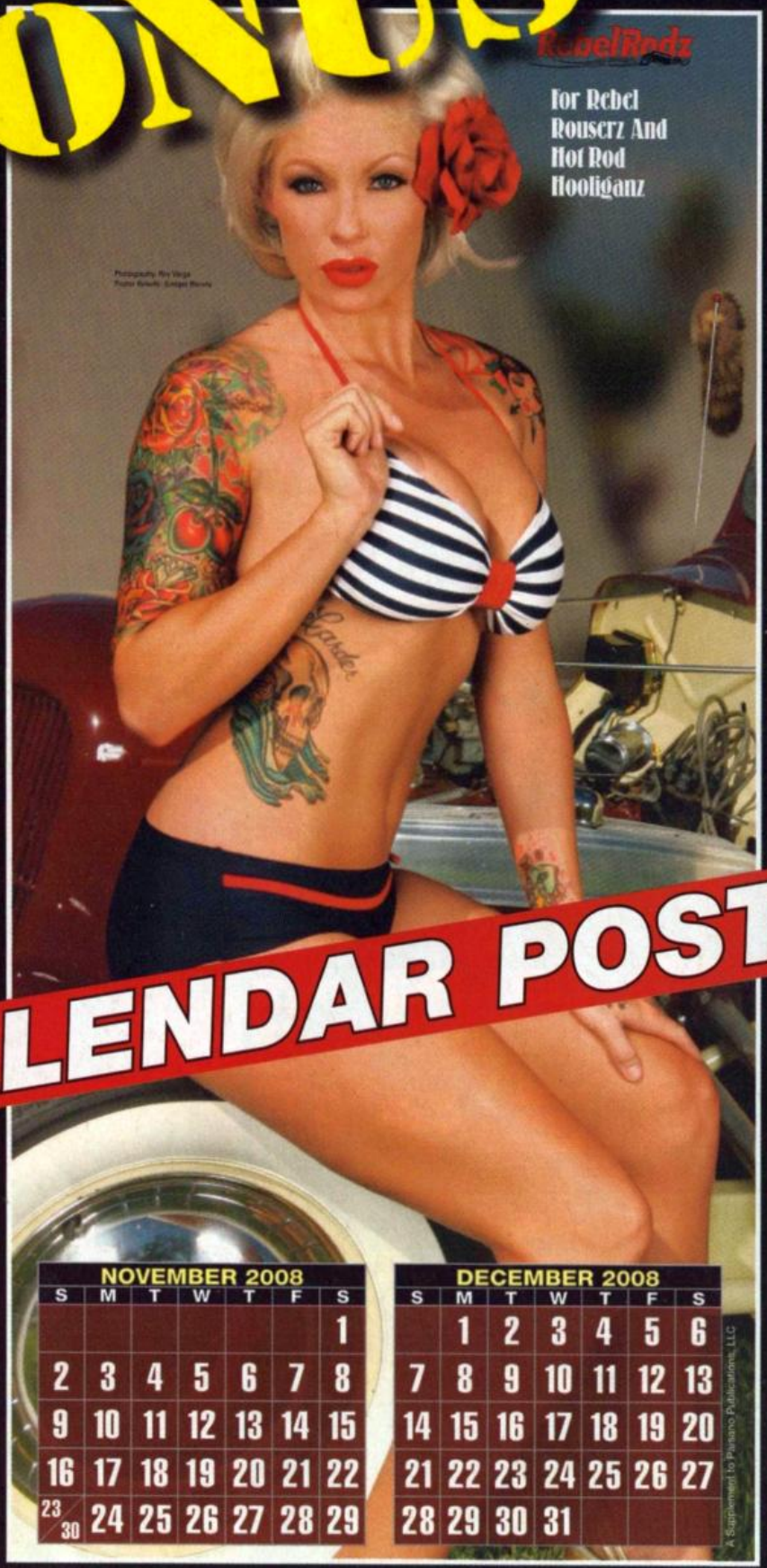

CALENDAR POSTER

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RebelRodz
For Rebel Rouserz And Hot Rod Hooliganz
Photography: Roy Varga
Poster Rebelle: Bridget Blonde